Winter Winds

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Winter Winds

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Summary

Will and Hannibal are celebrating their first Christmas/winter season together and expecting their first (adopted) child.

Chapter 1

The living room smelled of sweet rich cocoa and the fir tree Hannibal and Abigail picked out. Abigail said it was taller than Hannibal and reached the ceiling, and Will took her word for it with a smile as they strung together homemade garland as they had every year with string and popcorn, much to Hannibal's dismay. There were a few traditions Will was unwilling to let go of, and so long as Abigail still wanted to do them he would, too. So, while Hannibal sorted through all his ornaments, he and Abigail offered to let him join but his stuffy husband seemed set in his own ways as well.

"We'd like if you were part of our tradition," Will offered, reaching into the bowl, feeling around for his next perfect piece, and then slowly guiding it on to his string with the little. At his feet Winston laid, curled there and warming his toes.

"Popcorn and even cranberries were first strung or used as baubles on early Christmas trees. They were meant as foods for birds, and due to a lack of income. We are hardly in need of the latter," Hannibal said, eyeing the few stray bits of the puffed corn that had fallen on to the floor as he pulled out a rather elegant antler arrangement from the box of decor. It simply wouldn't set well amongst the cheap gas station store garland. However, they both looked so happy, Will and Abigail, that Hannibal could hardly refuse them.

"But be that as it may, I would deny either one of you of your traditions, and will join you both."

"Thank you," Will said, eyes seemingly cast to the wall as he Abigail handed him a piece she thought would work perfectly. He smiled and she sipped the cocoa sitting beside her.

"Don't forget your drink," she said, knowing that sometimes Will could be focused and without sight to prompt him of it, he would forget about it.

Hannibal put down the antlers and rose to his feet, walking over to sit beside Will. He smiled at Abigail's thoughtfulness and took up another string, reaching for a piece of…. popcorn. "A rather messy pagan tradition, adopted by the the Germans before it made its way to the Americas," he added, and carefully slipped it on.

"We picked it because we like eating it," Abigail laughed, remembering when Will had taken her in that first year and she was still sad. They made a huge mess then, but it hadn't mattered.

"And it was cheap," Will added, having not had much money then, or even now, and the only reason he had what he did was Hannibal.

Hannibal licked his lips at that, wanting to remind Will he could buy anything he wanted, but he also knew his husband. Instead, he leaned over to kiss Will's jaw and continued working, making sure the popcorns were of comparable size. "Perhaps I shall have to make some gourmet popcorn for you both, broaden your pallets a bit more," he grinned, not really a fan of popcorn but if his family wanted it, he would see they had the very best.

Will leaned his jaw into Hannibal's lips, always happy to have him close, to feel him near. "Gourmet? What's so gourmet about it?"

Abigail laughed, tying off a string of her own and then took Will's to do the same and pushed the mug toward his hands. He smiled and took it, carefully. Still warm at least.

"Just from memory, there is a parmigiano–black pepper popcorn, that I could easily prepare, as well as a cinnamon caramel corn with pecans & white chocolate. If you prefer something sweeter on the tongue," Hannibal explained and then after watching Abigail, tied off his string, taking up his hot cocoa.

"Sounds good for eating, not so much making garland," Will teased as he sipped on his cocoa again, sitting back a little. Abigail got up to drag the strings of corn around the tree, much to Hannibal's disdain she noticed.

"Yes, Abigail had stated enjoying eating it and I thought it might be a nice reprieve from the banal popcorn you have there," Hannibal said, a smile in his tone. He watched Abigail, and beyond the fact that little pieces of popcorn was falling haphazardly on the expensive rug, the placement was off. "Abigail, dear, allow me to assist, hm?"

Abigail canted her head toward Hannibal and Will sighed, feeling Winston get off his feet to go eat the bits of popcorn left behind. "Okay," she said and moved out of the way as Will stood, mug in hand, and gently scooted himself around the room toward the kitchen, counting the steps since he was still getting used to the house here.

"Come, I want us all to help in this. A family effort," Hannibal smiled, not wanting to be a 'grinch' as it were. He leaned over and kissed Abigail's cheek and handed her one end of the garland. "Start at the top and we shall work our way down."

Abigail gave Hannibal a look and did as he said, walking the garland of popcorn around the tree in time with him, laying it out perfectly. It did look nice, much better than usual, though Will never cared, but he could never see it either.

"William?" Hannibal called out, wanting him to be a part of this even though he couldn't see it. "Perhaps you'll put on some Christmas music and join us here?" he suggested, warmth in his tone as he smiled. If he was going to do this, it was going to be to perfection.

"One second," Will called back, setting the mug in the sink when he was done with it. He counted the steps back and then into the living room once more. "Where are the Christmas CDs?"

"There are a few atop the stereo that would be nice to choose from," Hannibal said, having made sure all of their media was adorned with labels in braille. He made a few more adjustments on the tree while Abigail helped.

Will felt his way to the stereo and then patted the top for the CDs, picking an older one with music from the 40s, 50s, and 60s. He set it in the player and pushed the button. "Better?"

“Much,” Hannibal hummed, smoothing down his maroon sweater over his wool trousers as the music began to play in the home. He walked over to Will, and wrapped his arms around him from behind, nuzzling against him. “Thank you, my love.”

Will leaned back into Hannibal, arms resting atop his, turning his head to meet Hannibal’s lips for kiss. “You’re welcome. How’s the tree coming?”

“The garland and lights are in place,” Hannibal answered, kissing Will again as Abigail kept her eyes on the tree. He breathed in his husband’s scent and nipped at his jaw. “We only need place the adornments and then that much is finished.”

“That much,” Will chuckled softly. “I’m afraid I’m not much help with any of that if you want it to look perfect.”

“Your presence is help enough,” Hannibal assured, releasing Will so that he could go back to helping Abigail with the tree. “I would very much like for you to sculpt the topper, however. If it would please you?”

“Don’t we have one?” Will asked, well ware that a clay topper would be quite heavy, though he supposed he hollow it out.

“We have an angel,” Abigail said, shaking the one from the box of things from Will’s old place. “It’s older, it’s the one we always use.”

“Right. The one my dad left me.”

“Ah, very well,” Hannibal said, having wanted to create a bit of a new little item for their life together, and their tree, but he hardly minded in the grand scheme of things. It meant alot for Will and Abigail to use the angel, then that is what they would use, more than that, the good doctor had the most treasured gift of all, Will. “Then I would have us utilize nothing else. Abigail, would you like to do the honors then, my dear?”

Abigail climbed the small ladder and set the angel uptop the tree, and then got down again, carefully. “I don’t think it looks too bad.”

“You say that every year,” Will teased.

“Well it does look nice. Usually I decorate how I like it, and it is nice to me. It’s even nice now because Hannibal has all his fancy things.”

“It is exquisite, I assure you both,” Hannibal offered, winking fondly at Abigail. He’d grown close to her, saw her as the daughter he’d never had. He began pulling stunning ornaments from the box, selecting some that Will and Abigail liked as well to make it an eclectic yet elegant blend. “Mischa will be coming by tomorrow as well, she very much wishes to see you all.”

Abigail started to decorate, watching Hannibal carefully as she did, not to over step or put where they didn’t belong. Will sat back down, out of the way.

“She didn’t want to come help decorate?”

“She had a dinner party to attend tonight,” Hannibal explained, knowing his sister wasn't one for decorating and the like. “She sends her apologies, and looks forward to tomorrow.”

Will was sure it had nothing to do with dinner party, but nodded anyway, listening to the Christmas music. Abigail hummed along, pleasantly.

A hour passed and soon enough the tree was finished. Hannibal stood back and appraised it. “I do believe that is a beautiful tree,” he said and then went to go sit next to Will, rubbing his knee. “Would anyone care for some more cocoa?”

"I think I need something stronger," Will said quietly, with a smile in Hannibal's direction.

“Likewise,” Hannibal chuckled, and kissed the corner of Will’s mouth, rising once more. He went over to the bar and made himself a snifter of Brandy, as well as two fingers of whiskey for his beloved. Abigail was off doing something else at the moment. Handing it to his husband, he sat back down. “There we are. Shall we toast?”

"Toast to what?" Will asked, brows raised as he sniffed his drink and smiled. Hannibal always gave him the same thing, his favorite.

“To us, to our family, and to potentially growing it sometime soon,” Hannibal answered with a smile, lifting his glass to Will.

“To changes then,” Will said with a smile, waiting for Hannibal to lift to his glass, unable to know where he was exactly.

Hannibal lifted Will’s to his level, and clinked them together, “To changes,” he agreed, and then took a slow sip, letting it coat his tongue as the fireplace crackled nearby, the dogs asleep.

Will whispered a quiet ‘thank you’ for the help, and then sipped it. “I have to call the adoption agency back tomorrow. I meant to today. I got caught up.”

“It’s quite alright, Will. Today has been a most productive day,” Hannibal assured, and took another sip, reaching out with his free hand to stroke Will’s cheek. “I am looking forward to beginning the process.”

“So am I,” Will said, quieter as Hannibal touched; he no longer flinched a little, able to suspect Hannibal’s moves now.

“Good,” Hannibal whispered, and leaned in to kiss him before sitting back. He wrapped his arm around his shoulders, relaxing against the couch. “Do you have a preference? Male or female?”

“I don’t think it matters,” Will said, preference not something he’d given much thought to. “Male maybe. Since I’ve got Abigail.”

“I agree completely,” Hannibal said, and leaned into Will, letting him feel the warm solidity of his body. “Perhaps a toddler, hm?”

“I hope you plan to be around for that one,” Will chuckled, taking another sip. “I can just imagine *me* trying to chase a toddler.”

“Of course I’ll be around,” Hannibal said, but there was warmth in his tone as he smiled, chuckling once. “If you prefer, we could select an older child. Around the age of five or six.”

“Any age will take some getting used to. Younger children are usually able to be educated properly, and older ones want to defy you,” Will said, with a knowing tone.

“Yes, precisely why I’d prefer a child around the age of three. It is an optimal time for learning, as you said,” Hannibal hummed, thinking of the fine education and life they would provide for their little one. “Be that as it may there is much to discuss and no rush in doing so.”

“It’ll depend on how quickly we want them. Children for adoption could take years to find the age we want,” Will pointed out, with another sip of his drink.

“Indeed it could, unless we go abroad,” Hannibal said, knowing that was always faster and money always moved things along, even in the states. “I suppose the question here is are you ready now or do you feel as though you need more time? I would not rush you.”

“I think the better question is if *we’re* ready. We haven’t been married long,” Will pointed out.

“No we haven’t,” Hannibal said, but he already knew how he, himself, felt. “Trust that I am ready. I wouldn’t broach if I was not, my love.”

Will had spent a lot of his time raising Abigail over the last several years, alone, and now that he had someone, he wanted to enjoy it before they raised another child. With that though, they weren’t getting any younger. “Okay. Then I’m ready.” Will didn’t want to disappoint.

Hannibal didn’t want the decision to be made that way, not out of obligation. It was no way to start their family and resentment would eventually follow. “You do not seem entirely certain, William. Perhaps we should reopen this discussion in a year,” he said, and sipped his Brandy. His tone was flat and if his husband could have seen his face, it would have been no use, as there was nothing readable there.

“No need to be short with me,” Will replied with a sigh. They hadn’t been together long, but Will prided himself on vocal cues, as it was the only real way he could read people and get a sense of their feelings. “There’s nothing more I’d love than to have a family with you. I’d like for us to have time for just us first. Build a strong foundation.”

“Then that is what we shall do,” Hannibal said, and squeezed Will’s hand to reassure. He finished off his brandy and leaned forward. “Would you care for more whiskey?”

Will finished what was in his glass and shook his head. “No. I’ll go wash the mugs and glasses.” He held his hand out for Hannibal’s glass.

Hannibal handed over his glass and licked his lips. “Thank you, Will,” he said and rose to turn off the Christmas music. He noticed Abigail had gone to her room and so he began to tidy up the living area.

Winston stayed at Will’s feet, guiding him to the kitchen, where he washed the mugs and glasses and then the pot the cocoa had been made in, and when he was finished they wandered together to the garage studio. Winston sat at Will’s side there while Will stripped down to his undershirt and began to work on Hannibal’s large sculpture.

As Will was otherwise occupied, Hannibal finished cleaning and then went to his study to reflect, sketching Mischa. He planned on giving it to her as one of the gifts he had planned. The drawing was of her as a child, in their home, surrounded by fireflies and beautiful foliage outside of Castle Lecter. Working on such things, or composing musical pieces always seemed to offer clarity to the brooding doctor.

A tap at the door was accompanied by Abigail’s voice, “Can I come in?”

“Of course, my dear,” Hannibal answered, setting his tools down and turning towards the door.

The door opened and Abigail entered, shutting it behind herself. She was only here for the Christmas vacation from school, and she was told to make herself at home, but she was polite either way. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Hannibal smiled, looking at her curiously. He wondered if she’d overheard the discussion with Will.

Abigail rocked from heel to toe on her feet, hands clasped in front of her. “It’s none of my business,” she started out, hoping Hannibal wouldn’t find it in him to scold her for being noisy, “but I overheard the adoption conversation. I think Will is… cautious. I was a handful and I was older. He’s worried about doing the right things.”

Hannibal gestured to the chair next to him, if she wanted to sit down; he crossed one leg over the other and laced his fingers at the knee. “Yes, that is entirely understandable. I only wish he felt as though he could confide such things to me. I am his husband, first and foremost, but likewise a psychiatrist,” he said, watching her body language. Really it just hurt him that Will hadn’t mentioned anything before since the conversations about this had began months ago. “It is good of you to be concerned, Abigail.”

Abigail took a seat and smiled, shaking her head. “He’s stubborn. He won’t even say it to me, I can just tell. He’s always wanted a family, a real one. But,” she shrugged, “he sees his blindness as a shortcoming of being a good parent. Even if I tell him that’s not true.”

Hannibal had worked hard to prove to Will that his blindness was anything but a shortcoming. It was quite disappointing to hear that he still felt as such. “He is very stubborn indeed,” he chuckled, rubbing his jaw contemplatively. “The mere fact that you have turned out as you have, should be proof enough that he is more than capable of being a good father, and Abigail, you *are* real family. To he and I both.”

“You know what I mean,” Abigail said, though she knew adopting a younger sibling was no different than her being adopted. She smiled a little brighter, cheeks a little flushed. “He knows he’s capable, but aren’t most parents unsure if they can do it? I know I’d be scared to death if you put a toddler in front of me.”

“Clever girl,” Hannibal praised, reaching out to stroke her cheek with the back of his hand, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear. “Yes, lovely one, it is quite common for one to feel a sort of anxiety about such things. With all my knowledge and intrusion, my experience, there are times when even I am blinded by my own desires. Thank you for opening my eyes once more.”

Abigail blushed a little more and stood, touching Hannibal’s shoulder. “He just needs reassurance that he won’t be bad at it. It’s a toddler that will be running around the house. Even for someone not blind, that’s scary.”

“Indeed it is, but also beautiful. Nonetheless I will take your council to heart,” Hannibal promised, taking her hand to kiss the back and then let it go. “I will go speak with my husband at once, but tell me, are you hungry?”

“I will be in a little while,” she said, elusively, and showed herself out, a few of the dogs piling in as she left, going to Hannibal to be pet.

Hannibal quirked a brow at that and then leaned down to pet the dogs, one by one. Curiouser and curiouser. Still, he had to right the state of his marriage, so he got up and sanitized his hands, walking out of the study, to the garage. “Will, may I come in?”

“Yes,” Will called back, hands deep in wet clay, he was meticulously working through Hannibal’s midsection, though finding it difficult without his subject to touch and feel out, he had to remember from memory alone.

“You’ve made great progress,” Hannibal said as he walked in, looking at the sculpture and then to Will. “I can be of assistance if you’d like, but I would very much like to continue our conversation from earlier while you work.”

“It’s better then, perhaps, if you stay dressed,” Will commented, never stopping, but he allowed Hannibal the seat near him. “I’m listening.”

Hannibal sat down, pursing his lips as he continued to watch. “Having a child is, as you know, a very big decision. One not entered into lightly. However, I want you to know that I am more than confident in your capabilities to be a good father, just as you were and are to Abigail. That said, I do believe we need to be on the proverbial same page as far as the timeline.”

Will swooped a sculpting knife around the hip of Hannibal’s hips, feeling out the curve and then smoothed it with his hands. “Yes it would be ideal.” He sighed. “I took in Abigail, she was self sufficient for the most part. She could reach glasses, she could read, write…”

“Yes but you were also alone in that circumstance,” Hannibal reminded, admiring Will’s work. “You know your way around, your lack of sight is nothing new. I have every

confidence in your abilities, Mylimasis."

"How can I teach something I don't know," Will said, insecure in the notion that Hannibal would have a much easier time raising and teaching their child, able to bond in ways he couldn't ever understand.

"What you have to teach is far greater. You see and *feel* people with your other senses, as well as your empathy, in ways I can not," Hannibal offered, knowing Will had so much to offer if only he'd come to realize it.

"That's not taught," Will sighed, aware he was being stubborn and unreasonable. "Sorry. I'm just… I don't want to fail at this."

"That is something that every parent frets over, Will, but we are in this together," Hannibal said, sighing quietly. "And you are not the first nor shall you be the last person without sight to rear a child. Your passion for success will be precisely what keeps you from failing. What you must realize is that there will be times when it seems as though you have, but I assure you, that will not be the case."

"I'm allowed to have fears," Will stated with a huff. Hannibal was so studiously sure of himself, and honestly Will wasn't sure why he was fretting so much. There was a lot to consider with a child, as there would always be. It was one thing to have a blind parent, another to have one and both parents being gay. He was worrying about everything, maybe too much. Finally, Will wiped his hands on a rag and sighed through his nose. "I want more than anything to have this family with you. It's a big change. Like the house."

"I never stated you are not allowed to have fears, but as your husband, it is my duty, and desire to see them quelled," Hannibal explained, canting his head towards Will. He of course knew all of the challenges, all of the potential roadblocks, or obstacles both they, and the child would face, but it didn't deter him. "It is a grand change, yes, which is precisely why we are having this very conversation and why I am offering to wait, should you need more time. However, simply know that no amount of time will stop those fears from coming, be it now, or in a few years."

Because that definitely left Will's fears to rest. He swallowed blue eyes staring at nothing, but not cast in Hannibal's direction. "I never said wait. I voiced concern for us and then my fears. In a year we might have child, if we wait the game."

Hannibal was merely offering honesty. He'd been reassuring, he'd listening, as well as been understanding, but Will's stubbornness was something even the great Doctor Lecter couldn't shake - not that he wanted to. "Have I told you to stop voicing your fears or concerns, William?" he asked, his tone calm, and placid. "I am suggesting as well as pointing out what we both already know. This is not how I had imagined the budding of our family would progress."

Will cleaned his hands the best he could, sure he hadn't gotten it all off. He couldn't voice much it seemed without being made to feel bad. "Sorry for putting a damper on things." It was inevitable they'd adopt, all Will asked for was a little time and understanding, a way to work through it and perhaps not just make the house accessible for himself, more than it was,

but child proof as well. Hannibal worked more than Will did, there'd be instances he was home alone with the child. "I'll call the agency in the morning."

"You are not ready, Will, that much is clear. I propose we postpone this until we can come to a harmony. This is no environment for a child at the moment," Hannibal said, not having imagined their tree trimming, family night going in such a way. It was good that Mischa had not attended. He'd tried Abigail's method at it had crashed and burned, shattered on the floor like a teacup. "If you would like to be alone, I will take my leave."

"Fine," Will said, seething, tempted to let his anger get the best of him in the moment and pushed the damned statue right over, but he kept his hands instead on his thighs, over the apron he had on to protect his clothes.

"Will, I apologize. I am, perhaps, being a bit too harsh," Hannibal said, reaching out to touch Will's hand. "I think there is likely more to it than what you've said. Whenever you have cooled off, I would very much like the chance to go over this."

"You're the one leaving," Will snapped, standing from his seat, he went to use the sink the wash the clay from his hands, and give himself some distance.

"I thought you might like the time alone. I, myself, have no desire to go," Hannibal said, keeping calm, despite the roaring sea of emotions within. "Not until we have sorted this out."

"What else do you want from me?" Will asked, scrubbing his hands nearly raw. "I told you my fears. Fears are not defining," Will answered. "Or the say all. I told you so you knew and I wasn't alone inside my head."

"And I am pleased you told me, Will. It is in my nature to want to dig deeper, find the source of the fear and apprehension," Hannibal said, walking over to stand near Will. "Please, try to calm yourself. I think we know you can be a bit stubborn. Abigail had come to me, helped me see what was wrong, and I came in here to try to let you work it out. I am simply asking you allow me to do so."

Will growled, hands on the sink, wrenching. "I'm trying. I am telling you what's wrong. My fears. My apprehension. We have not had a lot of time to be married or know each other. How can we raise a child with these pretenses?"

"I understand the reasons you've given me, but I am telling you that your fears are normal, and you will not be alone. As for the time we've been married, there are others who have families when they first marry," Hannibal explained, taking a breath. "Be that as it may, should you require more time, I would not deny you that. In any event, Will, I am here to listen. Be it about those fears now or something that might stem from years ago relating to the things you have said. I'm…. only trying to help you."

Though Will had some fond memories of his father, there were more verbally abusive ones that seemed to strike home more often than not when the thought of young child being placed in Will's care came about. "My father wasn't always a kind man. He'd drink and say things, especially about my condition. Tell me no one would ever really love me, I would never

know how it was to raise a child, that I'd be a terrible father because of my blindness. I guess I get stuck in his words. They ring in my head."

"All quite normal to feel that way, Will. It was horrible that you had to go through such," Hannibal said but he was trying to keep any advice to himself, just let Will get it out.

Will finally stopped scrubbing his hands and swallowed hard, leaning into the sink. "I… don't want to mess any of this up. Us, having a family… "

"I feel in my very marrow that you won't," Hannibal offered, meaning it. He placed his hands on Will's waist and leaned in to kiss the back of his neck. "We have the key element that is needed the most for any family. Love."

"I know," Will sighed, leaning back against Hannibal, his weight there, his solidity. "I'm fretting and I'm not meaning to."

"Your feelings are valid, Mylimasis. I would never take your right to express them from you," Hannibal assured, wrapping his arms around Will's torso.

"I freeze up when I try to make the call," Will admitted, sighing once as he started to relax in Hannibal's arms.

"Whenever you are ready, I'll make the call," Hannibal offered, kissing Will's nape. He held him a little tighter, applying soothing pressure.

"We should do it together," Will commented, hands shaking as he rested them over Hannibal's arms.

"I would prefer that, yes," Hannibal said, his tone calm and deep, like a healing balm. "You will be an excellent father, my love."

Will turned and then took off his apron and set it over the sink. He hugged Hannibal then, around his shoulders, and rested his forehead against his cheek. "We can do that."

Hannibal threaded his fingers through Will's hair, his other running down his back as he took in his scent. "Then we shall."

"Thank you for your patience," Will murmured, keeping his hands on Hannibal, needing that grounding.

"Certainly, Will. I will always offer you that," Hannibal whispered, and leaned in to kiss him softly, lovingly.

Will's eyes were closed as their lips met and he sighed into Hannibal's mouth, pressing them together more. "That's all I ask."

"And you shall always have it," Hannibal promised, suckling Will's lower lip gently, partaking of everything that made of the man he was utterly and irrevocably in love with.

Kissing Hannibal harder. “Let’s go have another drink, listen to some Christmas music, and you can try and teach me to dance.”

“Nothing would please me more,” Hannibal crooned, a smile in his tone to match the one on his lips. He released Will, and smoothed down his clothing. “Would you like some some mulled wine?”

“That sounds good,” Will replied, smiling sweetly as he lifted his shirt he’d discarded earlier from the bench and took Hannibal’s arm to lead him in.

Once inside, Hannibal went to stoke the fire, turning on a bit of elegant Christmas music; he walked over to Will to kiss his jaw. "I'll be just a few moments," he said and then went into the kitchen to begin.

Pulling out a large pot, he combined one bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon, a bit of brandy, nine cloves, orange slices, honey, and freshly ground ginger into the pot to begin letting it simmer. A dash of cinnamon was added as well. About fifteen minutes later, Hannibal brought two hot glasses of the wine on a garnished platter, cinnamon sticks and allspice adorning it for effect.

"Here we are," the doctor said, setting it onto the coffee table, offering one to Will. "Let it cool a moment, Mylimasis. It's just there on the table before you."

“Thank you,” Will said, having taken his shoes off as he waited for Hannibal, mulling over his own rumination. He reached for the mug a smelled it. “It’s… fragrant.”

“Yes, indeed it is and it has a nice body to it, just a bit of sweetness but not so much that it’s overbearing,” Hannibal smiled, proud of his Christmas beverage. He sat down on the leather couch and took up his glass, blowing on it gently. “This is serene, very pleasant, is it not?”

“Yes, it is,” Will said, blowing on the drink and then took a tentative sip. He hummed as the taste mingled on his tongue. “Perfect.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal responded, delighted Will found it to his liking. He took a sip of his own, letting it coat his taste buds before swallowing. “Ah, it is delicious.”

Nestling himself under one of Hannibal’s arm, Will sighed with content and took another sip. “Abigail’s been quiet.”

“I believe she has been in her room, or elsewhere, giving us time to work things out,” Hannibal explained, leaning to kiss Will’s temple before taking another sip as a violin played a rendition of *Silent Night*.

“She’s funny like that,” Will commented and took a longer sip once the liquid had cooled.

“She’s a rather remarkable girl,” Hannibal said, and gently squeezed Will’s shoulder. Just one more bit of proof that he was indeed an excellent father. Smiling to himself at the thought of their family and what it would become, the doctor took another drink of his wine.

“She is,” Will agreed, taking a long sip of his drink. “I don’t think I’ve ever had mulled wine.”

“No? Well I shall have to make it again sometime soon, but never too much as it’s only for special occasions,” Hannibal hummed.

“Now and then on a cold afternoon or evening is fine,” Will insisted.

“Yes, and likewise, there are other ways to keep warm if we decide to forgo the wine,” Hannibal crooned, rubbing the back of Will’s neck.

Will turned his head toward Hannibal, gripping his thigh with his free hand. “I like both ways.”

“As do I,” Hannibal murmured, placing his hand atop Will’s after setting his drink down for the moment once he took another drink.

Will reached and set his drink down and then stood as a new song came on, slow and romantic. He held his hand out toward the spot Hannibal had been. “Come dance with me.”

Hannibal stood up, taking Will’s hand and walked over to him, the soft, warm glow of the smoldering fire only adding to the ambiance. Of course, his husband couldn’t see it, but he could smell, hear, and feel its effect. “My dance card is always open to you, Mylimasis,” he said, and then placed one hand on Will’s waist, the other holding fast to his as they started to sway.

Will rested his hand in Hannibal’s and on his shoulder, leaning in close to feel his warmth radiate from him. “I’m glad. I enjoy times like this. Quiet.”

“Yes, it is, only the fire and the sound of our whispered words resounding,” Hannibal said quietly, his hand slipping around Will’s waist to press against the small of his back. “A moment made beautiful because I am sharing it with you.”

“And even moreso because we’re not quarrelling,” Will added with a smile, and rested their faces together, feeling Hannibal breathe slowly, comforted.

“Yes, that is one of the largest factors,” Hannibal chuckled, softly, his hand sliding up Will’s back to pull him closer still. He tenderly kissed his lips, tasting the residual wine there.

Will sighed contently and kissed Hannibal a little longer, holding it. “I love you.”

“And I love you,” Hannibal whispered, a bit roughly as he nipped and worried Will’s lips with his sharp teeth. “Until my last breath.”

“My stubborness won’t run you off?” Will said with a gasp at Hannibal sharp teeth.

“If it hasn’t by now, you are home free,” Hannibal teased, and swept his tongue over Will’s lip to soothe it before turning him as the music took an upswing. “No, Mylimasis. You could not run me off, I am here indefinitely.”

“Good,” Will whispered, not wanting to lose anyone else from his life, and having met Hannibal had added an unexpected step he never realized was missing.

Hannibal couldn’t ever lose Will either, or the family they had built and were continuing to grow. He stroked his face, looking at eyes that were unable to look back. “Would you like another dance, or perhaps more wine?”

“Wine,” Will said, but reached his hand out, “while we dance.”

“Then allow me to refill our glasses and I’ll return to your side in a moment,” Hannibal offered, and then captured Will’s hand to kiss it before going to do just that. A minute or so later, he came back with the warm beverages and stood before his husband. “Here we are.”

Will held his hand out once more to take the mug and then wrapped himself up in Hannibal’s arms, so they were chest to back, swaying this way together. “This is nice.”

“It is, very much so,” Hannibal agreed, keeping his wine away from Will’s body. He sipped it, and then rubbed up his beloved’s chest, feeling his heart as he breathed him in. “I feel as though our bodies were fashioned by the heavens to mould together.”

“You mean that we’re soul mates?” Will asked with a little grin, sipping his drink as Hannibal held him, a gently sway to their bodies as they moved in time.

“Yes, I believe that we are,” Hannibal hummed, playfully nipping at Will’s neck as the beautiful music filled the doctor’s keen ears. He was home with Will, no matter where they were.

“Sorry for my mood,” Will apologized, finally, taking a longer sip. It’d been weighing on him for days and the holidays always left him feeling a little heavier.

“You needn’t worry, Will,” Hannibal assured, doing the same and taking a long pull from his glass. He understood of course, but he also knew his brooding hadn’t been helpful. “I am just glad you unburdened yourself. However, I did not handle it exactly as I should have, and as such, I also apologize.”

“We’re both stubborn,” Will whispered around the rim of the mug, feeling warm and toasted from the inside out.

“I suppose we are,” Hannibal conceded, licking his lips as he pressed against the warmth of Will’s backside. He simply enjoyed being near him.

Will took a gulp of the mulled wine and hummed. “You need to behave until after dinner,” he chided teasingly.

“I am comporting myself as a gentleman,” Hannibal whispered, and took another drink of wine. “On that note, I should begin making supper soon.”

“How can I help?” Will asked, turning in Hannibal’s arm, flushed and a little tipsy now.

“Set the table, and find Abigail?” Hannibal suggested, planning on making an elegant minestrone soup with freshly baked bread and pasta for dinner. He leaned in to kiss Will once on the lips, lingering there. “Ah, but let me go before I try to have dessert before our supper.”

Will held fast to Hannibal with one hand, kissing him slowly for that. “Go prepare dinner. I’ll do the table.”

“Yes, dear one,” Hannibal agreed, and then swallowed the rest of his wine before walking into the kitchen to begin dinner.

Will followed, listening to Hannibal’s foot steps, and then set his mug in the sink and felt around the kitchen for everything he would need. He pulled out bowls and plates, spoons, and set the table. Once finished, he went to find Abigail, and then returned with her the kitchen.

“You two have been drinking,” she sing songed, elbowing Will in the ribs.

The food was cooking as Hannibal returned with two more glasses of wine, deciding to indulge. He walked over to Will, smiling at Abigail and giving her a playful look. “Will, would you like another?” he asked, keeping it in hand in case he did. “And yes, darling girl, we have indeed.”

Will smiled and held out his hand. “I would. I think we deserve a night off.” Abigail laughed. “You two. I can only imagine what you two get up to without me around.”

Hannibal handed over the wine, and then chuckled at Abigail. “Trust that you would not wish to hear the tales we have to tell, beautiful Abigail,” he said, and then poured some sparkling cider for her, offering it over before turning towards Will. “Thank you for setting the table. Supper will be ready in half an hour.”

“I’ll stay and keep you company,” Will said as Abigail sipped her cider, watching them with shifty, playful eyes.

Hannibal shook his head at Abigail, a grin on his lips and then touched Will’s arm, rubbing there. He felt the warm swirl of intoxication in his belly, his skin a bit flushed from it. “I would love nothing more than that, Will.”

Abigail lifted her brows and scooted herself out of the room. “Please only call me for dinner when there isn’t a show before hand!”

Will laughed, sipping his wine.

“That was hardly a show,” Hannibal called out, laughing as well. He checked on the supper, and then sipped more of his wine before coming up behind Will once he’d set the glass down. The doctor pressed him against the counter, and bit at his shoulder, always vigilant that his husband would hear him approaching. “This would have been quite the spectacle and one I would not impose upon her,” he rumbled.

A hum resounded through Will as he took a sip and then set his glass down, turning to face Hannibal, hands on his chest. “It would have been.”

“Yes, Indeed,” Hannibal smiled and kissed Will’s lips once, chaste and loving. He wanted to show him he had his wits about him even when inebriated and aroused.

Will chuckled and pulled Hannibal in for a longer kiss, there was no wits here, just them. Hannibal took the information and poured his answer to it into Will’s mouth as he kissed him passionately, rutting against him slowly. Groaning, Will rubbed Hannibal’s chest and then wrapped his arms around his shoulders, pulling him against him.

“I could devour you, here and now. Feast on your decadence until all that was left of you was a spent mess against this counter,” Hannibal growled, licking Will’s neck and nipping at his jaw.

Gripping Hannibal tighter, Will groaned at the thought. “I’d let you.”

Hannibal’s eyes burned, black as coal with lust unseen as ground strong hips into Will. He bit at Will’s ear and whispered roughly, “we would need to be quiet. Very silent, as to not be discovered. Could you sit at dinner, sore and sated, knowing you have just been *fucked* and tasted so savagely, hm, Will?”

“The better question is could you go without doing those things and sit all through dinner knowing you’d have me for dessert?” Will whispered, hard under his jeans at the thought however.

“There is something to be said for the howling anticipation that lingers under one's skin, knowing that very soon their patience will be rewarded one hundred fold,” Hannibal rasped, and dipped his tongue into Will’s mouth. He could wait or partake now.

“I want a slow and thoughtful bedding after dinner,” Will moaned against Hannibal’s mouth, though both sounded wonderful, he hardly wanted to rush.

“Then that is precisely what you shall have, Will,” Hannibal murmured, stroking Will’s face as they breathed the same, hot air. He didn’t have much time until supper was ready anyway and this way he could take his time after.

Will bit at Hannibal’s mouth slowly, reverently sucking on his bottom lip as the scent of the soup started to fill the kitchen. “Good. I can be patient.”

“Good things come to those who wait,” Hannibal said, wistfully, almost sing songing the words but not quite. He kissed him once more and then let Will go, going to check on the soup, bread, and pasta.

Will hummed and finished his wine, feeling the effects enough to need to hold on to the counter as he made his way around it to wait for Hannibal. Hannibal smiled as he watched and then began ladling the soup out.

“Will you alert Abigail that the food is indeed ready this time?”

“Yes,” Will said, chuckling a little as he walked very carefully to the living room. A moment later she was taking Will’s arm and leading him back into the dining room to sit. Five minutes after that, Hannibal brought out the soup and bread first, and then the pasta, which had shrimp and red sauce in it. He paired it with a red wine, even if they didn’t truthfully need anymore.

Taking his seat, Hannibal announced the meal and hummed. “Bon appetit.”

Abigail dug in first and hummed, and once she had, Will picked up his fork to try the pasta first, surprised by the shrimp, but liked it, and continued to eat.

“It’s very good.”

Hannibal took a bite then, of his soup after blowing on it and delighted in the taste; he wiped his mouth and sniffed his wine before taking a sip. “Thank you,” he said, to both of them, and then elegantly took another spoonful.

Will set his fork down and picked up the spoon after finding it. He moved the plate around and found the bowl of soup, carefully taking a spoonful to sip. It was hot and perfect, and warmed him through where the alcohol had not yet.

Taking a bite of bread, Hannibal looked at his family, never more proud than he was now. He couldn’t wait to see a little one there, dressed impeccably. “Abigail, how are your studies progressing?”

“Good,” she said, covering her mouth since she was chewing on the pasta. “Glad it’s winter break, though.”

“Yes, I would imagine you are,” Hannibal smiled and then took a bite of pasta, following it with wine as the dogs sat near their feet.

“You work hard, you deserve the break,” Will added in, rubbing his foot against Winston at his feet.

“No harder than anyone else there,” Abigail retorted but touched Will’s arms warmly.

“You study diligently, Abigail, and it shows,” Hannibal complimented, having some soup. “Do not discredit yourself.”

“Thank you,” Abigail said and went back to eating. The rest of dinner was full of chatter and quiet, and when finished Abigail helped clear the table, and even did the dishes, allowing the two men to be alone once more.

Hannibal was hardly intoxicated after the big meal they’d had, but he still felt good and warm. He walked over to Will and kissed the corner of his mouth. “Shall we retire for the evening or would you like a nightcap?”

“Both,” Will answered, letting Hannibal help him to his feet once more, stepping around Winston.

“It is as if you are able to read my mind,” Hannibal chuckled and lead Will to the bar where he poured them each their preferred drinks. Will took the whiskey in one hand and looped his other with Hannibal’s arm.

“Lead the way.”

Hannibal took his brandy and lead Will up the stairs, to their room. Once inside, he set his drink down and began to change into his silk pajamas. “Is it warm enough in here for you?”

“It will be,” Will said, feeling out his side table and then set his drink down. “Don’t bother changing.”

Hannibal put down the pajamas and licked his lips, walking to stand before Will, he reached out and began to help him undress. “Time for the much awaited dessert then?”

“Yes. No use dressing to undress again, “Will said, touching Hannibal’s waist as he was taken out of his clothes.

“Agreed,” Hannibal whispered, roughly, and once he’d removed Will’s clothing, he folded it nearly over the chair nearby. The doctor quickly pulled his husband to him, running his hand down his muscular back to feel the flesh there, leading down to his ample ass. “You were crafted by the gods, Will, as I’ve told you before.”

“I believe you,” Will whispered, flushed against Hannibal as he wrapped his arms around his shoulders and kissed him.

“Good,” Hannibal murmured over his lips, and spread Will’s cheeks, pressing his fingertips into the soft swell of them as their cocks slid together.

Will managed a moan, hands trailing down Hannibal’s chest, feeling out every bit of him he found irresistible. He then kissed Hannibal harder, deeper, pushing them back toward the bed.

Hannibal laid down and licked his lips, his cock hard and pressed against his furry belly.

“I would very much like it if you would be seated on my face, Will,” Hannibal requested, fully intending on devouring him as he’d promised in the kitchen downstairs.

Will crawled over Hannibal, hands on him every inch of the way. “Guide me where you want me,” he husked, flushed with need at Hannibal’s words.

Hannibal guided him so that Will was facing his cock, and his pucker was right over the doctor’s mouth. He knew his husband would have his strong chest to brace himself and so he went right at it. Spreading his cheeks, he plunged his tongue inside, spearing open his pucker with a muffled groan. Will’s hands sought for purchase in Hannibal’s chest and his hip, one snaking around to grab his cock. Moaning, Will rolled his hips down into Hannibal’s face, against his tongue.

Grunting at the friction on his cock, Hannibal feasted on Will’s ass, lewd slurping and licking sounds filling the room. He gave his ass a hearty smack, rubbing it with the broad palm of his

hand as precome leaked from the his tip. Will leaned, hand guiding himself over Hannibal's cock, sucking the pooled liquid from the tip as he moaned.

"Will-" Hannibal groaned out, taking a breath as his hand hooked under to grasp Will's cock and pull it back to his mouth, lifting his hips to take him down his throat.

"Oh-" Will gasped against Hannibal's cock, and then sucked him down once more, laving his tongue over the tip, slowly.

Hannibal swallowed Will down, pressing his tongue against the sensitive nerves as he pressed his thumb over his hole; he didn't press in but just up the the very first knuckle, holding him in place as his toes curled from his husband's ministrations. Will worked Hannibal's cock over with his hand and mouth, taking his time as his body tensed with pleasure.

Popping off, Hannibal caught his breath and licked his lips, mouthing over Will's cheek, he gripped at the base of his cock to give it a gentle squeeze. "Are you ready to be fucked, Will?"

"Are you done feasting?" Will asked, panting blissfully as he righted himself.

"I'll never be sated fully, and will always crave more of you," Hannibal rumbled, and licked a hot stripe up Will's cleft since he'd sat back up. "But I am ready to take you, to lose myself in your tight warmth."

"Okay," Will said with a smile as he crawled off Hannibal, carefully. "How?"

"On all fours, for starters," Hannibal husked, grabbing the lubricant to slick up his cock. He got on his knees, as Will got into position.

"This?" he asked, slyly.

Hannibal ran his hand over the curve of Will's ass and licked his lips, pressing up against his backside to let him feel just how perfect it was. "Yes, precisely like this," he said, and then inserted a slick finger in his hole, slowly. "How does that feel, William?"

"You always ask," Will chuckled, leading into a soft moan, "but it feels perfect."

"I ask because I enjoy hearing how you experience what I do to you, dear one," Hannibal stated, kindly, and then inserted another digit, angling his fingers up to press against Will's prostate to really let him feel something. He wanted to give him limitless pleasure.

Will grinned to himself, his head dropping between his shoulders as he let out another moan of pleasure. "It feels amazing."

"Mm, excellent," Hannibal murmured, watching how his fingers disappeared into Will's beautiful body. He pulled them out after a few more pushes and then rubbed the head of his cock against his husband's hole, pressing in until sheathed. "Ah, William-"

Will swore under his breath, fingers curling into the bedcovers, toes curling as his body lit up with new fire. "Hannibal…"

Right away, Hannibal gripped Will's hips and began to thrust, not fast, but slow and deep, swiveling his hips to hit all the right places. "Pure nirvana, my beauty."

"Nothing is better than you inside me," Will moaned out, pressing back on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal moved faster at that, leaning over Will's body as he entered him again and again. He wrapped his arm around his chest and pulled him up, holding him there and by his hip as he kissed the side of his neck. "My Will-"

"Only yours," Will whispered breathlessly, a sheer coat of sweat clinging to his skin, slipping under Hannibal's skin as they rutted and fucked.

"Good," Hannibal grunted out, the hand on Will's chest sliding up to his jaw to angled his face to the doctor's. He kissed him, plunging into his ass and his mouth at the same time as the sounds of their coupling filled the room.

"Hannibal," Will breathed against the Doctor's mouth, biting at his lips and sucking on his tongue while groans passed his lips.

Heat churned in Hannibal's core as he fucked Will, large balls slapping against his ass and he slid his hand back down to grasp his husband's cock. Stroking it in time, he chanted his name like a prayer. "Will… Oh Will-"

The empath groaned louder, hands back on the bed as he reared back, grinding against Hannibal with every thrust. Heat poured through his core, daring to push him to spill out completely.

Hannibal leaned back over Will's body, sweat covering his skin as he pounded his husband, stroking him and biting at his neck. "Come, Will…"

Will groaned and tensed, writhing under his husband as he came in his palm, jutting his own hips into the warmth as the white-hot heat overtook him. Feeling Will spill over his hand and how deliciously his body clamped around him, made Hannibal lose all reserve. He slammed into his beloved, howling like a beast as he came in droves.

"Will-!"

Coming down, Will, panted roughly against the sheets, limbs threatening to give out under him. He hummed, pleasantly, sated. Once his own waves of released had resided, Hannibal kissed Will's nape then rolled them on their sides, spooning his husband as he held him.

"I love you, William."

"I love you, too."

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

To get things moving along, Hannibal and Will were asked to come into the agency and fill out some paperwork and be interviewed. Will allowed Hannibal to dress him handsomely, to fix his hair and groom his beard. Finally, they left and arrived at the agency the next town over, and they were seated in a waiting room with other groups of parents, all of which Will listened to without meaning to pry, but he had nothing else to focus on with his hyper vigilant hearing and empathy.

“How are you feeling?” Hannibal asked quietly, holding Will’s hand as they waited for their turn. He himself was in a three piece cream, double breasted suit, but he thought Will looked very handsome - more so.

“Nervous,” Will whispered, swallowing down the dry feeling in his throat.

Hannibal squeezed Will’s hand again, reassuringly. “It is an understandable emotion but I assure you, we will be fine. We have many things to offer a child and can provide an excellent home for them.”

“I know. I’m not worried about us, but the questions, if we’re good enough,” Will sighed, squeezing Hannibal’s hand back.

“We shall be. We both have wit and cunning,” Hannibal whispered, and kissed the back of Will’s hand, discreetly. He knew they’d be approved. Who would turn such prestigious and well off men as themselves?

Hannibal might have been those things, but Will was a starving artist, he wasn’t so sure he’d be looked at quite the same way. “I hope you’re right.”

Since they were married, their income was pooled, Hannibal knew and thanks to him, and mostly Will’s talent, he’d gotten more clientele. Either way the good doctor was confident. “I am, Will. Confidence is key. Fear is the enemy.”

“There is nothing wrong with a little fear. Keeps people in check,” Will murmured, but he knew Hannibal was mostly right.

“It can be useful, yes, as long as it does not debilitate us,” Hannibal smiled, knowing Will wasn’t that of course. He looked up when he heard the door open. An African American woman stepped out, eyes not meeting either of them. “Mister and Mister Lecter?” she called.

Will stood, his hand never leaving Hannibal’s. “That’s us.” He let Hannibal lead them over to her.

“I’m Reba McClane, I’ll be handling your case.” She offered her hand, clearly hoping one of them would take it.

“A pleasure, Misses McClane,” Hannibal said, shaking her hand gently as his other held Will’s. He noticed right away that she was blind, which he thought would be helpful with their case and maybe even quell his husband’s concern.

Will managed to shake when Hannibal lead his hand there, already sensing something was different. “Yes, a pleasure. Thank you for seeing us.”

“Miss, please,” Reba said and stepped back into the office for them to follow. “Please have a seat.”

“Thank you, and of course,” Hannibal said, a smile in his tone as he lead Will to his seat and held the chair for his husband before sitting down himself.

“I asked for your file when they told your circumstances,” Reba said, getting down to business. “Being blind myself, I wanted to be sure you both got treated fairly in the process.”

“We appreciate that,” Will commented, hands on his thighs where he sat, feeling more at ease to know for sure.

“It is quite appreciated, Miss McClane,” Hannibal said, and rubbed Will’s back. “We only wish to provide a rich and loving home for our little one to be.”

“Of course, and I’ve reviewed your applications and everything seems to be in order. I will take some time, of course, you realize. There are options. We can wait for the perfect toddler to come around, through social services, which might mean you’d be fostering for a while before that happens. Or we could look at a young mother who wants to give her child up when it’s born. This of course means you’ll have an infant.”

Will froze, palms spread over his thighs. “Infant?”

“Just from my experience with helping other couples, infants tend to latch on and form bonds faster than toddlers. Toddlers are going to be a little damaged from all the… push and pull, if you will,” Reba explained. “Not that you two couldn’t handle it, but there are aspects of both options that should be considered before you decide.”

“Yes, certainly,” Hannibal said and took Will’s hand to offer a grounding security. “How long do we have before you’ll be ready for our decision?”

“You’re on a list at the moment. A few months at most, as we have a few potential mothers pregnant right now in the area. You’d get to meet her, go to appointments with her, talk with the fetus. I hear from clients that it’s a good experience overall.”

Hannibal was very fond of the idea but molding a damaged toddler could also be intriguing. “Very well, we’ll let you know sooner rather than later.”

“Do keep in touch. Things can change and people drop out of our programs often,” Reba offered. “A mother could suddenly decide she doesn’t want a child tomorrow. You never

know."

Hannibal pursed his lips in thought. "We will, most assuredly," he promised and rubbed Will's hand to see if he had any questions or comments.

Will's mind was going a mile a minute and Hannibal's touch grounded him back to the spot. "Yes," he agreed. "I… *we* will make sure to discuss right away and let you know."

"Perfect," Reba said and handed them one of her cards. "Until I do, I'll keep you on the waiting list for a toddler male."

"Thank you, very much," Hannibal said and took the card, squeezing Will's hand. "You have been kind and helpful."

"Thank you for coming down. I know it's a pain, but we like conducting these meetings in person to get a good feel for everyone," Reba said, standing as Hannibal and Will did.

"For our child to be, there is no inconveniences," Hannibal stated, kindly and pulled out his keys. "We appreciate you speaking with us."

"Please call me as soon as you know," Reba said and felt her way to the door and opened it.

"Thank you," Will said and walked out, guided by Hannibal. Once out to the car, he let out a soft sigh, leaning into his husband. "What do you think?"

"I think we are approved already," Hannibal stated, unlocking the car with a click of a button. "However it would appear as though we have another discussion before us."

"Yes, that's what I meant. What do you think of the choices?" Will asked, and felt out the door, opening it. He slid in, slowly, and buckled.

Hannibal closed the door for Will and then got in. He started the car and kept it in park. "I would prefer an infant that is ours than to have to foster several until the one that is meant for us comes along," he said, but placed his hand on Will's thigh. "That said I would not force that decision upon you. We can always wait."

"I think she meant that it's possible we might get fosters first, as they are more children that age that are fostered than adopted out," Will explained. "Or they have been in the system too long." He hummed, hand over Hannibal's. "An infant would take a lot of… practice before hand."

"Yes, that is what I meant. We will get the fosters first," Hannibal said, not unkindly. He took Will's hand and kissed it lovingly. Not wanting another argument, the doctor decided to approach this differently than he had before. "What is your preference, Will? I wish for both of us to be comfortable."

"I didn't say no," Will whispered, hands shaking a little. "I just don't know what we'd do with an infant if it happened tomorrow."

“I know you didn’t, Mylimasis. This discussion is prudent, and good that we are having it,” Hannibal said, running his lips over Will’s skin. “I have a bit of experience from being my sister’s charge.”

“I’m not saying no. Again, just nervous and scared,” Will murmured, taking deep breaths. “I… want to do it.”

“I’m right beside you, Will, always,” Hannibal promised, his tone warm and soothing. “Then we shall do it, and I have every confidence in us both. We can be there for the first word, and every other moment. It will belong to the three of us.”

“It… does sound magical,” Will admitted.

“It does,” Hannibal smiled, happy that Will thought so, because he truly did. “Knowing that you are responsible for a life, helping to mould, and nurture it, it is beautiful. Of course, you have experienced this in part already with dear Abigail, but this will be a child of our own, a family of our own making.”

“It’ll be a huge change for the household,” Will said, but he could do that. He had dogs, though dogs were quite different from a baby.

“We will need to baby proof, yes,” Hannibal agreed, knowing there were many sharp things in the home which could create a dangerous outcome. “I believe Abigail and Mischa will be delighted to help.”

“I’m not going to ask Abigail for help. She has enough to do,” Will said with a chuckle. “And your sister… well.”

“I would think they would enjoy it. Perhaps Mischa would be better suited to assist with aesthetic choices,” Hannibal laughed, knowing she wouldn’t want to do the labor. “Be that as it may, we can do everything ourselves.”

“Your sister wouldn’t want to get her hands dirty,” Will mentioned but not without a smile.

“No, she wouldn’t. It would ruin her lovely manicured nails,” Hannibal grinned, and pulled out of the parking lot, onto the road.

“I’ll take your word for it,” Will said, leaning back in his seat, relaxed. “We should tell her we’ll take an infant.”

“Would you like to go back, or call her later?” Hannibal asked, since they weren’t that far away from where they’d just come from.

“We can call, right? Or do we have to sign something?” Will asked, not sure about these things. When he adopted Abigail he had to sign, but this was… different.

“There will be paperwork that is drawn up, which may take some time, so perhaps it is best to call her, and give her that space so she may do so,” Hannibal agreed, and turned right to head towards their home.

“Right. Good idea,” Will agreed.

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They arrived back home some time later and Hannibal began pouring them each a drink once inside; he hung up his suitcoat and rolled up his sleeves. Once it was poured, he walked over to Will and handed it to him. “I thought we could use a drink, hm?”

“Just one,” Will said, still reeling and wanting his head straight when they really sat down to talk this over, even if his mind was made up. There was a lot to plan now.

“Yes, precisely,” Hannibal agreed, and then guided Will to the sofa to sit down. He took a sip of his bourbon and crossed one leg over the other.

Will took a sip as well, humming. “We’ll need to make up a nursery.”

“I already have ideas,” Hannibal smiled, loving the opportunity to decorate and furnish a room for their baby. “There are several themes that might be be appealing. I can run them by you, describe them, and you can give me your thoughts when they time comes, of course.”

“They have themes for nurseries?” Will asked, brows raised slightly at the idea. “I’m sure whatever you decide will be fine.”

“They do indeed. There are the banal themes, such a Mickey Mouse or what have you, but I was thinking a blend of your style and mine,” Hannibal answered, more than willing to decide himself but he wanted this to be a team effort. “I realize that this is more my arena, but I would at least like to let you know my thoughts.”

“I have a style?” Will chuckled, sipping his drink.

“You certainly do,” Hannibal grinned, knowing that could mean many things. He leaned back and hooked his arm around Will, taking a drink of his beverage once more. “Your love of flannel would be an outdoors style, or rustic, perhaps, for example.”

“We don’t need to put the child in flannel sheets and onesies,” Will laughed, leaning into Hannibal.

Hannibal pursed his lips and then chuckled, kissing Will’s jaw. “No, that we do not, William. We are absolutely in agreement there.”

“I like them because it’s comfortable,” Will explained, quietly, as his head canted slightly into Hannibal’s lips.

“I know,” Hannibal assured and held Will’s jaw, turning to kiss him softly. While he preferred seeing his husband dressed up, he’d also grown accustomed to the flannel. “You are perfect either way.”

“No changing me now?” Will whispered back, smiling against Hannibal’s mouth.

“I’ve given up on you letting go of the flannel,” Hannibal chuckled, caressing Will’s face gently. He loved him in any clothing.

“It’s comfortable,” Will chuckled softly as they shared air together, breathing slowly. Soon, they might not even have this sort of time together alone. Will was determined to enjoy it.

“Yes, although I do like how you look in this suit,” Hannibal crooned, running his fingers down it, also wanting to enjoy time together, be it like this or any other way. “And out of it and the flannel even more.”

Will splayed his free hand against Hannibal’s chest, feeling his heart beat as he kissed him again. “You would.”

“Should I not desire my very alluring husband?” Hannibal whispered, placing his hand over Will’s as the other held his cheek. He fed from his mouth, tasting the alcohol and his beloved’s sweetness.

Will hummed, and other hand gripping his glass as he was kissed, licking into Hannibal mouth once. “I never said you couldn’t.”

“Excellent, because that is one request I could not fulfill,” Hannibal smiled and pulled back just a little to gaze at Will. “I should call Miss McClane shortly, but then I very much want to continue enjoying our time together. Are you hungry? I can prepare us something to eat after I’ve finished.”

“No,” Will admitted, far too wound up in every good way possible to think about eating right now. “I’m alright.”

“Very well, then we should call her or I can,” Hannibal offered and kissed Will chastely once more before sitting back against the couch. He took his husband’s hand as the other pulled out his phone.

“That’s a good idea,” Will insisted, leaning closer once more, sipping his drink.

Hannibal winked at Will and then promptly dialed Reba McClane’s office on speaker. He was connected right away. Kissing his husband’s hand, he wet his lips, waiting. Finally, she got on the line and greeted him.

“Miss McClane. I apologize for the interruption, but Will and I have made our decision regarding our conversation earlier. We would like the adopt an infant male.”

“Wonderful news. I must tell you if you’re sticking to male it might be a bit longer. Most of the fetuses we’re aware the sex of have been spoken for.”

“We will be more than happy to wait,” Hannibal said, looking at Will and touching his hand for validation of that.

Will nodded, squeezing Hannibal’s hand. *“I’ll mark it down and let you both know when we have someone*.”

“Thank you very much, Miss McClane, we shall be eagerly awaiting your call,” Hannibal said and then rubbed his thumb over Will’s skin as he said goodbye to Reba and hung up. “Well that is settled, thankfully.”

“Excited?” Will asked, when he was sure Hannibal was done on the phone, and then curled into him once more, drink finished.

Hannibal finished his as well and wrapped his arms around him, nuzzling into silky chocolate curls. He kissed his head and hummed. “Yes, elated actually. And you?”

“Yes,” Will admitted, now that they were on the list, his nerves were high but his hopes higher.

“I’m pleased to hear it,” Hannibal smiled, and grasped Will’s scruffy jaw to kiss him softly. “Perhaps we should begin thinking of a name for our son.”

“Did you have ideas?” Will asked, thoughtfully.

“I have a few ideas yes,” Hannibal answered, lacing their fingers together. “Michael, or Joseph might be nice. Gabriel even? Do you have any ideas, Mylimasis?”

“Jacob,” Will offered, laughing a little. He hadn’t given it a lot of thought. A name was defining in nature.

“It is beautiful. Biblical in nature, and means ‘he who holds the heel,” Hannibal said, chuckling, and stroking his husband’s face. “He was born holding the heel of his brother, thus depriving him of his rights to be the first born.”

“Maybe not that one,” Will chuckled, leaning into Hannibal’s touch.

“Ah, but we can assign it new meaning if you like that name, my beauty,” Hannibal said, a smile in his tone. “Steven Andrew?”

“Sounds like a priest's name,” Will said, shaking his head.

Hannibal laughed at that, and kissed Will’s nose for it, pursing his lips afterwards in thought. “Very well, it is your turn to suggest then, Mylimasis.”

“Something… mythological?” Will suggested, nuzzling against Hannibal’s jaw.

“Achilles is beautiful but I fear it might cause repercussions for our little one,” Hannibal smiled, nuzzling back. “Orion is an option. Perseus. They are all quite unique.”

“Orion Achilles,” Will offered with a grin, all but amused.

“You are toying with me, William,” Hannibal chided, but playfully as he grinned back and leaned in to kiss his husband twice, biting his lower lip in mock punishment. He liked the name actually, but alas.

“I am not,” Will huffed once, falling back on the couch, tugging Hannibal with him.

“Lying is quite naughty, Will,” Hannibal rasped, and laid over Will, gazing down at him. He was kidding of course, but quite enjoying their little moment. He always did. “What’s to be done about that, hm?”

Laughing, Will’s head tilted back against the couch, wrapping his limbs around Hannibal, keeping him there, warm above him. “It isn’t a lie, it’s a little… exaggeration.”

“Ah, so a non-punishable stretch of truth then is it?” Hannibal chuckled, framing Will’s face with his hands, his body covering him like a blanket.

“Yes,” Will grinned, letting his hands roam his husband’s hips and back, anything to see him in his own way.

Hannibal preened under Will’s touch, he always did, be it seeking or otherwise. “Your wit has forced me into submission once again, my beauty.”

“As it should be,” Will whispered and pulled Hannibal down to him to kiss him properly.

“A dutiful husband knows his place,” Hannibal whispered back and kissed Will languidly. “In this instance it is right here.”

Will hummed at that and kissed Hannibal a little longer, warm and happy underneath him. “I love you.”

“And I you, my love,” Hannibal promised, his heart fuller than it had been in years. He braced his weight on two strong arms and rubbed his nose against Will’s.

Nuzzling their faces together, Will had a thought. “What about… Erasmus, after Saint Erasmus.”

Hannibal’s eyes lit up at that and he hummed. “Truly beautiful, Will, yes. Love - a state of Eros - precisely what we have. I think it is perfect.”

“Is it?” Will smiled, eyes closed, though that hardly mattered, but he always felt closer to Hannibal when they were, like they were sharing a wavelength together.

“Yes,” Hannibal whispered and kissed that smile, enjoying the feel of their hearts beating together. He flared his nostrils and took in his husband’s scent, lost in the euphoria of everything that was him.

“Then it’s settled.” Will was finally feeling that tight wound wire around his heart start to unravel slowly, leading into his own blissful notion of oncoming parenthood.

“Indeed it is,” Hannibal agreed, and rolled onto the side of Will, the couch more than accommodating. He hooked his leg over his husband, running his hand up his chest affectionately. “We can start preparing the nursery. Tomorrow perhaps.”

“Good idea. It could be any day.” Will whispered, loving their embracing closeness.

“Then we need to next settle on a theme, or I can set it up as I see fit, if you’d prefer,” Hannibal offered, murmuring the words as he left his fingers rest over Will’s carotid artery.

“What are your ideas?” Will asked, wanting to be a part of it as much as he could be.

“I think the noble stag would be a fine influence for our child,” Hannibal began, going through the options. “Earthy brown with embellishments of gold and a dark blue, or if not that then something that is reminiscent of your artistic ability and my own. A blend of both.”

“I like it,” Will said, unaware of much of what Hannibal was talking about, but from what he understood, Hannibal had impeccable taste.

“Then that is also settled,” Hannibal smiled, and kissed Will’s jaw. He just wanted his beloved to know he had a voice, and that he did not discount him due to his lack of sight.

“It is. One less thing to worry about,” Will chuckled. “After that, we buy clothes. Diaper… bottles?”

“Yes,” Hannibal chuckled back, tracing the curve of Will’s ear. “A play pen, eventually, safeguard the home, and I’m certain the list will continue to grow.”

“We may as well just buy one everything,” Will teased, turning his head into Hannibal’s touch, nipping at his fingers.

“It might not be a bad idea,” Hannibal grinned, and then pressed the pad of his finger against Will’s canine to feel its sharpness.

Will licked Hannibal’s finger and then nibbled again, laughing softly. “We’ll be overly prepared.”

Hannibal licked his own lips and then kissed Will gently, humming. “One can never be overly prepared,” he chuckled.

“Maybe not,” Will whispered, humming the words into Hannibal’s mouth.

“And in this moment, I believe I should prepare us something to eat,” Hannibal said, and then kissed Will fully, slowly, before letting go.

“Not convinced I’m not hungry?” Will asked, smirking.

“Hunger can have many definitions,” Hannibal answered, a playful smirk in his tone. “I happen to be famished in at least two ways at present.”

“I suppose we should eat first so you aren’t completely famished for everything else,” Will teased, leaning up to kiss Hannibal again once.

“One needs strength to satisfy,” Hannibal teased back, knowing he obviously had the stamina and power to fuck Will senseless, but nourishing the body was quite important. He leaned into the kiss and then moved off of Will. “Another drink while I prepare our meal?”

“Okay,” Will said, reaching out for Hannibal’s hand to help him up.

Hannibal did, and then embraced him lovingly, kissing him yet again, leading him to the bar. He refilled their drinks and took a sip of his own, humming. “I shan't be long, Mylimasis.”

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

They had some time before their little one would be arriving but they'd gotten the nursery ready, picked a name, and had baby proofed the house for little Erasmus Lecter.

After breakfast, Hannibal cleaned up and was doing a bit of reading when his phone rang. It was Mischa. She was coming over for a visit and to check out the nursery. The doctor hung up the phone and sighed, it wasn't that he didn't want to see her, but he didn't like the lack of a proper warning.

"Will," Hannibal called out, walking over to his husband. "Mischa is coming for a visit, today, in an hour."

“Of course she is, after we’ve finished,” Will said with mild sarcasm.

“You and her need to form a familiar bond. I am hoping this trip, with news of our son, will do that very thing,” Hannibal said, his amber eyes hopeful. He wanted the two people he loved most to get along and love each other.

Will a prickly soul at best, few people really got to be over the forts and walls without being stabbed. “You can’t force what’s not there.”

“I know, but perhaps with time, it could be,” Hannibal offered, not mad, but understandably he wanted them to get along, especially given the holidays. Also, it wouldn’t be idea for their son to sense the friction between his father and his aunt, when he grew old enough to comprehend it.

“Sure,” Will said. He wouldn’t argue with it, there was no point in that. He’d just do what was natural.

“I do not wish to upset you,” Hannibal assured, and then leaned over to kiss the side of Will’s mouth.

“I’m not upset,” Will insisted, softly.

“Good,” Hannibal whispered, wrapping his arms around his husband. “Your happiness, and the happiness of our son-to-be, are of paramount importance to me, William. Always.”

“It’ll be fine,” Will insisted, leaning into Hannibal. “I’ll behave myself.”

“I would not wish to stifle you,” Hannibal said, a smile in his tone, but he appreciated what Will had said.

“No, only that I’m nice to your sister,” Will teased.

Hannibal nipped at Will's lips, then leaned back, grinning to himself. "Ah but you do know me well, Will."

"You want to protect her, it's only natural," Will explained, smiling a little. "I'll do my best not to be rude."

"Thank you, Will. Furthermore I feel as though it would make for a more harmonious future visit when our son is here," Hannibal said, and traced Will's small smile with his fingertip.

"She doesn't visit *that* often," Will insisted, smiling brighter as Hannibal touched his lips.

"You raise an excellent point," Hannibal stated, finding that his own smile grew considerably when he saw Will.

"I don't think she likes babies much either," Will pointed out, sure that Hannibal's posh sister would rather be doing her nails than change a diaper, let alone come visit.

"No, but I am withholding my thoughts on that account until her visit," Hannibal chuckled, but he knew Will was right, she was quite the spoiled little girl, despite her being a woman.

"Right," Will said with a little sigh, he wouldn't argue it.

Hannibal had just meant that he was holding hope that his sister would be easier to be around given their news, but alas, time would tell. "How is my sculpture coming along?" he asked, changing to subject to put Will at ease.

"I need you for most of it," Will admitted.

"I will gladly help you with that once she leaves tonight, since she will be here shortly," Hannibal assured, holding Will's face. "Perhaps it will be therapeutic for us both after the taxing evening that it is sure to be."

"Maybe it will be. I should get it done before the baby comes. Not sure where you'll want to put it though, kids shouldn't see that," Will said with a grin.

Hannibal chuckled, and kissed those lips twice. "Yes, indeed you should. I think in the study, or the library, until he is old enough to understand, and when he is, we shall think of another place then."

"The pair will have to be moved," Will laughed, shaking his head. "No need to traumatize him."

"Yes, that would not be optimal," Hannibal laughed with Will, taking his hand to lace with his own. "We could have a room for them, keep it locked. He would never have to know they exist, though I do want him to behold you other beautiful pieces."

"The study then" Will agreed their hands conjoined, fingers twined.

"Excellent," Hannibal hummed and then licked his lips. "I am going to prepare for her arrival, Mylimasis."

Will nodded and let go. “Alright.”

Hannibal went into the kitchen to set out what he planned to make for supper, and then went to finish tidying a bit more; he stoked the fire and made sure the couch was free of dog hair. “There we are,” he said after a half an hour, pouring him and Will a drink. “Here, I thought we could both use another one before she arrives.”

“Are you trying to loosen me up?” Will asked, taking the drink, leaning against the counter on his elbow.

“Perhaps I am trying to loosen both of us up,” Hannibal answered, sipping his wine as he gazed at Will.

Will chuckled and sipped his drink before setting it down. “What are you loosening up for?”

“Nothing in specific, I simply choose to prepare for the worst, while hoping for the best,” Hannibal chuckled back, drinking more wine, and then setting it down next to Will’s.

“Still worried I’m going to start something?” Will asked, brows raised, head turned toward his husband voice.

“I trust you will keep your word, however Mischa can be unpredictable, as we all know,” Hannibal answered, reassuringly.

“Can’t imagine where she gets that from,” Will murmured, but smiled, picking up his glass once more.

“Very cheeky, Will,” Hannibal murmured back, chuckling, and then did the same, sipping his wine.

“I try,” Will said and the doorbell rang, and Abigail bound down the stairs to get it for them.

When Abigail opened it, Mischa stood with her Michael Kors purse in hand, Chanel sunglasses, and her new iphone in the other. She looked up from it, and smiled at the other young woman. “Hello, Abigail,” she said, putting the phone away and raising her glasses to the top of her head, which pulled back her long blonde hair from her face. “How are you?”

“I’m great, come on in,” Abigail said, leading Mischa in, and then to the kitchen, where Hannibal kissed Will’s jaw, and then took his hand, lacing their fingers.

“Mischa, dear sister, it is good to see you,” Hannibal smiled, kissing both of her cheeks as she embraced him. She smiled back and then touched Will’s shoulder.

“It’s good to see both of you also. How great you’re looking,” Mischa said, giving Will’s arm a gentle squeeze.

“I wouldn’t know,” Will retorted and then cleared his throat when Hannibal squeezed his hand. “Thank you… though.”

“You’re welcome,” Mischa said, giving Hannibal a look, who gave her one back in warning before he gestured to the bar with his free hand.

“Would you like a drink, Mischa?”

“A white wine, please,” Mischa said, setting her purse on the table, flipping her hair back afterwards.

“Very well. Will, another glass?”

“No thank you,” Will murmured, opting to swallowing down the last of his drink he already had, but nothing more, since it was clear he was already off to a bad start.

Abigail offered to take Mischa’s things to the closet for her and wandered off.

Hannibal let Will’s hand go to make Mischa’s drink, then he handed it to her, leading them all into the living room to be seated. He sat with Will on the couch and his sister sat in the chair across from them.

“Will,” Mischa began, also aware they weren’t starting off so well, “How is your sculpting going?”

Cordial was not something Will did well. He was a kind man, sweet even, but he was also sarcastic and prickly. “It’s going fine. Been busy putting the nursery together though.”

Really, Mischa wasn’t the best at it either, but she’d learned how to be appeasing somewhat, being in the industry she was now. At the mention of the nursery, she smiled again. “Yes, Hannibal tells me about it. I’d like to see it before I go.”

“We have every intention of showing you, Mischa,” Hannibal stated, and took Will’s hand, rubbing his thumb over the skin there.

“I’m told it looks nice,” Will replied as Abigail entered and sat down, a cup cider in her hands.

“It is really cute,” Abigail added.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said to Abigail, and then looked at Mischa, who sipped her wine, nodding.

“I imagine it does. Everything looks very well decorated here. Of course it would, knowing you. Han.”

Hannibal pursed his lips at the nickname but preened at the praise. “Will and Abigail were of great help with the festive decor and the nursery.”

“I just agreed to things,” Will shrugged, wishing now he had that glass of something in his hand.

“You did quite a lot,” Hannibal insisted, and then touched his arm. “Are you certain you do not want something to drink, Mylimasis?”

“It’s fine,” Will said, canting his head toward Hannibal’s voice. “I do what I can.”

Before Hannibal could respond, Mischa stood up, smoothing down her attire. “Well, that said, why don’t you both show me now, before dinner. If that’s convenient?”

“Of course,” Hannibal said, straightening his tie and squeezing Will’s hand in question.

Abigail excused herself to get more cider and Will stood with Hannibal. “We could do that.”

“Perfect,” Mischa said, not too interested in things about babies and the like, but this little one would be her nephew, by all accounts.

“Yes,” Hannibal hummed, and walked with them to the nursery. Inside, he stood with Will, and began to show off the room, pointing out little details here and there - the wooden crib against the navy colored wall, stag antlers above it, gold trim throughout, as well as a changing table, rocking chair, and toy chest. Everything was done to match the navy, gold, and brown stag theme. It encompassed both Hannibal and Will’s unique styles.

“Oh it’s beautiful,” she said, impressed, but then again, it wasn’t a surprise that it was well done. “Will, are you going to make a sculpture of the baby or something for the baby?”

“Maybe. I have to wait until he’s born first,” Will explained, touching the rail of the crib they had put together, feeling out the sleek wood.

“True, I just meant you know, like a statue of a stag or something to match this theme, then one of him once he’s here,” Mischa said, bending over to pluck a pillow from the crib to look at it, and then set it back down.

“I’ll get on that,” Will murmured.

Hannibal cleared his throat, sensing the irritation and then walked over to Mischa, guiding her away from Will’s personal space. “Well, it would seem as we’ve seen all we can in here, shall we go sit back in the living room. I need to begin supper.”

“Yes, good idea,” Mischa said, and then turned to Will. “It will give me a chance to talk to Will while you do that.”

“I have a stag to go sculpt,” Will interjected, moving alongside Hannibal, touching his back once as he walk past, still feeling out the room in steps since they redecorated it.

Hannibal sighed, quite annoyed with what was coming to pass. Will had promised to behave himself and yet, he wasn’t. Then again, Mischa was goading him very subtly. Most might not see it as such, but the good doctor knew better. Turning to his sister, he touched her shoulder. “Go sit and make yourself comfortable, at home, while I go speak with my husband. Do you think you manage to do so without upsetting anyone?”

Mischa placed her hands on her hips and gave Hannibal a look. “I didn’t do anything. It’s hardly my fault your husband hates me so,” she said, looking away. “I was making pleasant conversation. I even complimented him.”

“Indeed you did, but one has to wonder if there were not hidden motives,” Hannibal said, and lead her out to the living room. “Be that as it may, I expect your demeanor to be improved by the time I return.”

Hannibal walked out into Will’s studio before Mischa could retort anything, and stood in the doorway. “Will, may I come in?”

“Yes,” Will said, stripped down to his undershirt, apron on to not get his good slacks a mess. He hadn’t started to work, he was sitting there contemplatively.

Hannibal walked in, hands in his pockets as he made his way to his husband. “William, I know my sister can be bothersome, but you did assure me you’d try to behave yourself,” he said, treading carefully, “I have chided her already, though she was less rude than she has been in the past.”

“I did try,” Will assured, huffing when Hannibal used his full name, it made him feel chided himself. Mischa loved to prod, that or she was utterly unaware of her nature.

Sensing the impending storm behind Will’s words, Hannibal leaning over and kissed his mouth. It might have otherwise been entertaining to wind both of them up, he and Mischa, but he had no desire to do so today. It didn’t serve his agenda of creating harmony for their son. “I know, Mylimasis,” he said, his tone soothing as he threaded his fingers through his husband’s hair. “I am going to suggest to her that she seek therapy. She is in dire need of it.”

“She’ll resent you for that,” Will whispered, fingers clutching into Hannibal’s hips where he reached out to touch him. “It’s not her. We both know I’m the issue here.”

“She knows me well enough to not be surprised by the suggestion, and that even her resentment would be something telling,” Hannibal murmured, and then kissed Will’s brow. “She is much like me. I believe you quarrel with her in a similar manner to when we first met. The difference is, she has far less manners than I.”

“Not sure you’ve noticed, I don’t get along with people well,” Will sighed, though he did try, but certain types of people made it difficult.

“I hadn’t noticed,” Hannibal teased, wanting to lighten Will’s mood. He also wondered if perhaps it was issues with family as a whole. Very likely. “Beneath her makeup, under the several layers of clay that has shaped Mischa, lies a very scared little girl. She is capable of love, be feeling, just as you and I are, I assure you. Perhaps it’s that she has forts of her own and is hoping you will try to breech them.”

“What reasons do I have to prod her?” Will asked, huffing a sigh.

“Sometimes it takes breaking a teacup, to bring it back together. She is your family, Will,” Hannibal reminded, gently.

“She’s my sister in law. She’s *your* family. Why should I be the one to break her and bring her back together?” Will asked, curious and with honesty.

“I have already begun working on that, but it is the bond between you and her that have the most obstacles, and forts,” Hannibal explained. Not mentioning how Abigail was no blood of his own, but he treated her as a daughter - they *both* did. Mischa was almost like a child of his own, which explained his desire for her and Will to get along. “By law, and I hope one day, by heart, you will come to see her as a sister of your own, especially since you did not have one.”

“Having a sibling for you is easy. I’ve been alone,” Will explained, not liking having all this pinned on him. He wanted to like Mischa but she was even more of a snob than Hannibal, and they did not have the same connection.

Hannibal wasn’t pinning it all on Will, he’d already given Mischa a talking to. But he hoped to appeal to Will’s empathy, and his maturity, which his sister didn’t have to the same degree. “I understand, Will. Do as you feel you should and I’ll go speak with Mischa.”

Will had relied on his empathy his whole life, often being taken advantage because of it. His forts were there to shield him from situations like this, where he’d be asked to compromise himself for another. Mischa was Hannibal’s sister, but that didn’t mean she was a person he wished to let inside his walls. “But it’s not what you feel I should do.”

“I would think it understandable that I wish to have my husband and my sister, who I reared, find a common ground and at least be able to be in the same room,” Hannibal stated, sighing quietly. “I am not placing the fault on you, Will, Mischa is hard to deal with at times, I simply do not wish for our son to see or feel the discourse once he is old enough.”

“She’s not around much,” Will pointed out again, much closer to Alana than he was Mischa, and was even willing to go as far as making her the aunt instead. He didn’t say that to Hannibal, but the thought lingered as he leaned against the counter. “I can be cordial, but I have no desire to know your sister beyond that. We have nothing in common. No common ground.”

Hannibal likely wouldn’t be opposed to Alana being an aunt but he wanted Mischa involved too. If he could work with her a bit, mould her. She was stubborn though, just like he was. All of them. “You both have me in common, and the *love* you bear for me. Is that not common ground enough?” The doctor was growing angry, his patience tested, but his face was calm as the still waters of a beautiful pond. “Is that your final answer, Will?”

“I am *trying,”* Will insisted only able to feel the empathy from his husband not at all fooled by his lack of expression since he could not see it. “She’s… fake. Condescending. All she wants is to be loved, but she won’t love in return. I can’t work with that.”

“I know you are,” Hannibal said, and leaned over to kiss Will’s brow. “The loss of our parents has made her have an unquenchable need to replace the love she never received from them. I will speak with her.”

Will could not understand why Mischa had not done therapy before considering who her brother was, after all. It wasn't his place, surely, and he wasn't one to talk, given he'd never seen a soul in his life aside from Alana about his own abandonment issues. "Am I so awful?" He felt pretty terrible in the moment, trying to turn off his empathy.

"I never stated that you were," Hannibal said, knowing the tactic all too well, but he had no problems reassuring his husband. He leaned in and kissed, stroking his cheek. The doctor had tried to give his sister therapy, many times, but she was stubborn to a fault. "No, you are not, Will, if you need to hear it. I am simply conversing with you, attempting to work out an issue."

"I was asking honestly, not for sympathy or aversion," Will explained, wondering if Hannibal really did think him so terrible for not being able to get along with his princess of a sister.

"My answer remains the same, Mylimasis. I do not find you to be as such, but I do think you're stubborn, just as I am, and my sister is. It makes it difficult to resolve conflict when no one is willing to bend," Hannibal answered, only wanting this to come to a peaceful solution so that there wasn't an argument every time she came by, even if it wasn't often.

"I thought my stubborness was something you liked," Will teased softly, but solemnly, fingers tight against the counter lip. "I have no use for her feigning interest in me or my work when she clearly doesn't care."

"I love all aspects of you," Hannibal said, a smile in his tone as he placed his hand over Will's fingers and pried them loose to kiss the tops of them. "I believe, deep down, she is perhaps jealous of our relationship. I will work with her, and dig to the root of it, see if there is authentic love beneath her facade."

"I'm sure there is, but for you," Will said, knowingly, and tilted his face up toward Hannibal's vancity.

"I will tell her that if she wishes retain my love, and to continue visiting, she shall have to cease her attitude," Hannibal said, though he would always love her, but he wasn't above telling her she couldn't come over any longer.

"She's your sister, you don't have to do that," Will sighed, knowing full well she wouldn't care either way, she'd just pull Hannibal away from him if she had to.

"Then tell me what it is you propose I do, my beauty," Hannibal said, since Will wasn't liking any of his suggestions. He was curious what his husband might come up with, or if he just wanted things to continue awkwardly as they had so far.

"Never mind. You know her best, you know what will work," Will replied, shaking his head with a swallow.

"Talk to me, Will," Hannibal insisted, gently grasping Will's chin, thumbing there. "I am asking for you to tell me how you think we all should proceed."

Will's sightless eyes stayed forward as his head was tilted up slightly in Hannibal's grasp. "I don't know. If you think she needs help, then help her."

There was no winning with Will right now, Hannibal knew, so he released him and kissed his lips once. "Very well, Will. I will indeed. I shall leave you be as I feel as though I am only making things worse for you." Ordinarily winding someone up was what he'd do, but again, he had another agenda.

"When did I say you were making thing worse?" Will asked, clearly troubled as his brows drew in and his lips formed a frown.

"You didn't state that, no, but our conversation is not leading us anywhere but further down the proverbial rabbit hole," Hannibal answered, not enjoying seeing Will frown.

"What would you have me do?" the sculptor asked, slumping his shoulders, defeated.

"Nothing, William," Hannibal answered, sniffing a little snarl. "I will speak with Mischa, as I said before. There is nothing you need to do, and you've done nothing wrong. I love you."

"Doesn't feel that way." Will licked his lips once, the little snarl not lost on him, more attuned to Hannibal's noises than the doctor likely thought.

"I am not impervious to irritation when a situation does not go as I would otherwise hope," Hannibal said, sighing quietly. "It does not, however, mean that my love for you is any less, Mylimasis."

"Let's just go in together," Will said, feeling around for his shirt, he put it back on.

"As you wish, Will," Hannibal said, not minding at all. Once Will was ready, he walked with him out of the studio and back inside, where Mischa was sitting on the couch, looking at her phone.

Will went around to the bar, now he needed a drink. He carefully poured one up, feeling out the rim of the glass as he poured to be sure not to make a mess. Hannibal went to sit next to Mischa and turned towards her, assessing her mood by body language alone.

Mischa looked up from her phone and put it away. "Everything alright, big brother?" she asked, looking into his eyes.

"I believe we should have a talk, sometime soon, Mischa," Hannibal said, pursing his lips.

"Ok…" Mischa began, and then looked back at Will, then to Hannibal, knowingly. "After dinner?"

"I think that is a good idea, yes," Hannibal said, and then rose to his feet once more. "Will, would you care to keep me company while I start supper? Mischa, make yourself at home."

Will set the whiskey down and shuffled into the kitchen after Hannibal. "What are we having?"

"Loin served with a cumberland sauce of red fruits, and asparagus," Hannibal answered, and then took Will's face into his hands, kissing him hard, and slow, wanting to diffuse some of their tension from before and hopefully reassure his husband he was still very much loved.

Surprised, Will let his hands rest on Hannibal's waist, melting into the kiss, and not wanting to let his husband go. Their tensions were high, and Will knew it could get worse by the end of dinner, but he was going to do his best not to take too much offense. Hannibal enjoyed giving his beloved pleasant surprises, and in all actuality, he needed this also. He slipping his tongue inside Will's mouth again, after a breath, he exhaled through his nose, his fingers threading through silky curls.

"Hannibal…" Will whispered, breathing into him as theirs mouth meshed perfectly together, his hands clutching as his hips in desperation.

Hannibal kissed Will with that same desperation, passion in every slide of tongue as their hearts synced up once more. "You are my everything, Will. Do you know that?"

"Yes," Will managed, more than aware, as they shared far too much to let something like arguments come between them. Will had worked too hard to let Hannibal go over his sister.

"Good," Hannibal breathed, and caressed Will's cheek with the back of his knuckles, slowing the motion of his tongue. He knew neither one of them would survive separation, and that they were bound and tethered forever.

"I'll honestly try to behave myself," Will whispered, biting the words into Hannibal's mouth like a promise.

"Thank you, my beauty," Hannibal whispered back, suckling Will's lips as two strong arms wrapped around his waist, keeping his blue eyed husband right where he was.

Admittedly, Mischa rubbed a spot in Will that left him unsettled, and he couldn't explain why. Will's arms wrapped around Hannibal's shoulders, keep them close as they breathed together. "Least I can do."

"I only wish for your happiness, above all else," Hannibal murmured, gazing at his beauty that couldn't gaze back. He knew there was something deeper, lingering under Will's skin, just as there was Mischa's.

It'd been a long time since anyone had wanted that for him before Hannibal. Will spent years ago after Matthew, discouraged and mourning what he had lost, learning to help himself and not rely on anyone else. Now, he had Hannibal and they were starting a family, with that came more family, more obstacles, things he'd have to learn to suck and overcome. "I am happy."

"Excellent," Hannibal replied, and kissed Will once more before letting him go so he could tie on his apron. "I am going to begin supper before it becomes breakfast."

"It's not that late is it?" Will asked, his sense of time was non existent, unaware of much more than guides that Hannibal had in place.

“No, but it shall be if I do not get started,” Hannibal chuckled, and washed his hands. “Would you like a refill on your drink before I begin?”

“No,” Will said, having hardly touched it since Hannibal distracted him. He gently moved the drink over, feeling out counter space, and then hopped on it to keep Hannibal company.

Hannibal pressed his dried palms onto Will’s thighs and smiled, leaning to kiss his jaw just once more before moving away. “You are a more tempting meal than anything I could prepare. Lucky for you, I must remember my duties as host.”

“Lucky for me?” Will laughed, a smiling radiating his face once more.

“Or perhaps unfortunate,” Hannibal grinned, laughing quietly, “I did not wish to assume.”

“I prefer you all to myself,” Will murmured, chin tucked slightly toward his chest.

“I quite enjoy having you to myself as well, and likewise, that you are equally greedy for me,” Hannibal murmured back and tipped Will’s head to kiss him before backing up to begin supper. “The faster we dine, the sooner we shall have the rest of the evening to spend quality time together, once Abigail has gone to bed, of course.”

“Of course,” Will chuckled, hands rubbing together. “I need you in my studio tonight.”

“I am, as always, at your service, Mylimasis,” Hannibal hummed, and then began preparing dinner, but still attentive to his husband. Winston was in the kitchen too, laying down on the cool floor, shifty eyes watching and listening, sniffing the air occasionally.

Will slid off the counter to let the dogs out for their nightly needs, and then fed them, working around the kitchen, one of the rooms he’d gotten down by steps seamlessly. They made light conversation as he cooked, and once he was done, Hannibal set the table, and poured them each some wine, calling everyone over to eat. He pulled out Will’s chair and then the ladies’ when they joined.

“Tonight, we celebrate family,” Hannibal said, waiting for everyone to get settled, so he could lift his glass in toast. Mischa sat on Hannibal’s opposite side, and smiled.

“I’ll drink to that.”

Will raised his glass, aware that’s how it was done once Abigail touched his arm to. “To Family.”

“To family,” Mischa said, at the same time as Hannibal and they both took a sip at once, after giving it a sniff. The doctor waited for everyone to take a bite.

Will set his glass down and took a bite, and then Abigail did too. “It’s good,” she said, aware Hannibal waited for the first bite and compliment before doing the same.

“Yes, one of my favorite dishes,” Mischa said, which made Hannibal smile.

“Thank you both,” he said and then took a bite as well, humming with delight.

“Yes,it’s very good, as always,” Will insisted, not saying much more than that, trying to keep to himself, to be remain well behaved.

“Thank you, Mylimasis,” Hannibal said, a smile in his tone as he took another bite and followed it up with wine. Dinner went well, light conversation, nothing heavy, and afterwards the doctor cleared the table and cleaned up the necessities, knowing the rest could be done later, before walking into the sitting room where Mischa was already. He laced his fingers with Will’s and went to the couch to have a seat.

“I have to get going soon, but I enjoyed dinner, Hannibal, and Will,” Mischa said.

“Hannibal did all the hard work, I just over saw it,” Will joked.

Mischa laughed, remembering Hannibal’s warning but the wine had loosened her up a bit, so it wasn’t just for show. “He always outdoes himself. He needs a good boss.”

“Ah, if that is true, then Will is the only one who possibly could,” Hannibal added, not missing Will’s pun about his sight there. He squeezed his husband’s hand, and brought it to his lips for an appreciative kiss. He was trying, and the doctor would find a way to thank him properly, once they were alone and in their bedroom.

“I’m the only one he listens to,” Will shrugged, and leaned to kiss Hannibal once. He knew he wanted a conversation Mischa before she left. “I’ll start cleaning up.”

Hannibal licked his lips and then squeezed Will's hand. "Thank you, Will," he said, and then turned on the couch to face Mischa as his husband walked off to finish up the things he'd put off from supper.

"It has been good to see you today, mažoji sesuo," Hannibal said, crossing one leg over the other.

"Oh god, it never goes well when you start speaking in our native tongue," Mischa sighed, folding her arms over her chest.

"I need to speak with you, yes, but I hope you will be open to it," Hannibal said, the lights from the Christmas tree glowing in their periphery.

"I already know what's it about."

"Then you're aware that your behavior is not becoming of a beautiful young woman like yours, nor is it befitting the Lecter name," Hannibal said, watching his sister's body language.

Mischa blew out a breath and rolled her eyes. "You think I don't like Will. Sounds like you've got it all figured out. Like always.”

"Mischa. I do not wish to ask you to leave, but if you will not cooperate with me now, I'm afraid I will only see you outside of here. Will and I love each other greatly, but I will not allow our marriage to suffer because you and he cannot get along," Hannibal began, his face serious and stern. "Are you worried that I love you less, since I've married?"

"I don't see you as much, but I travel more."

"The love I bear for Will does not affect what I have for you, however, it displeases me greatly that you continue to act as a petulant child."

"I am far from a child. I have tried to mend things with him. He's like a brick wall," Mischa huffed.

"He has his forts, yes, but he sees without his sight, he sees what others may not. I suggest you push your petty jealousy aside and get to know him. I would also very much like to assist you, I feel therapy would do you well," Hannibal stated, far more direct with her than he might be with someone else that wasn't his husband or his sister.

"I'll have to think on the therapy, but in the meantime, I know I've been a bitch. I don't want you to disown me," she scoffed, tapping her fingers on her forearm. "I'll call you for lunch in a couple of days. I think I've overstayed my welcome tonight. As for Will... I'm willing to try, if he will. I don't hate him, I just don't understand him."

"I'm not asking you to understand him, only respect him, and act as a family should," Hannibal said, rising to his feet, Mischa following suit after setting her drink down. "I'll call you, dear sister."

Mischa hugged Hannibal and nodded, feeling more than she was letting on. They were both that way. "Alright, well, thank you for dinner, tell Will I said goodbye, or don't if you don't think he'll care. Either way I texted the Uber."

"I can drive you, if you'd like."

"No, that's alright," she said, as Hannibal kissed her cheek and walked her to the door. "I will try, brother. Goodnight."

"Goodnight Mischa," Hannibal said, and then saw her out.

He walked back over to Will afterwards, not seeing Abigail at the moment, and touched his arm. "She's departed, and bids you goodbye for the night."

“How did it go?” Will asked, drying the rest of the dishes, turning slightly to Hannibal.

“Better than expected actually but not the most optimal. She knows she has been insolent and is willing to try to mend her ways. She will resist at first, but I am confident she will come around,” Hannibal explained, kissing Will’s cheek as he began putting away the dried plates. “It is a matter of jealousy, as I suspected and she is considering therapy as well. I will reconvene with her in a few days after she’s had time to process.”

“She’s upset you haven’t seen her more?” Will asked, frowning a little. “Has it changed since we met?”

“It has a bit, yes, but the fault does not lie with me solely, she has her career now, but it is easier to lay the blame on others than oneself,” Hannibal said, touching Will’s shoulder. “All she needed to do was ask and I would be there for her.”

“That will be much harder with a baby,” Will commented, turning toward Hannibal at the touch.

“She would need to come here, which is why I hope to help her work through he issues,” Hannibal agreed, pursing his lips in thought. “I told her that if she did not, she would not be welcome to visit.”

“Little harsh isn’t it?” Will asked, not wanting to part Hannibal and his sister, his empathy told him Hannibal wouldn’t bear it. “I want you happy.”

“Perhaps, but she is in need of harsh discipline, prodding,” Hannibal stated, but he knew he couldn’t be without his beloved sister either. Still, sometimes he had to be stern to rattle her enough. Just a bend, not a break. “I am happy with you and shall be all the more when our son is home.”

“I hope she listens to sound advice then,” Will said, clutching at Hannibal’s hips.

“Abandonment is one of her primary fears. I believe she suffers from Borderline Personality Disorder,” Hannibal stated, thinking of her shifts in sense of self, mood, fear of being alone, and the manipulation, be it intended or otherwise. He hooked his arms around his husband’s shoulders, gazing at him. “She will come around.”

“I hope she does,” Will said, honestly, aware that she might never like him, nor him her, but they had to get along.

“She will not want to lose the only family she has,” Hannibal stated, but he knew her moods would always be sporadic. Luckily for them, she wasn’t going to be around too much.

“I guess that’s true,” Will murmured, agreeing that Hannibal knew best.

“It is. She is stubborn and bratty but she will relent,” Hannibal assured, and brushed a curl from Will’s eyes.

“Good,” Will said. “Will she be by then for Christmas?”

“She did not say but yes, I know she will, though likely later in the evening,” Hannibal answered, glad some headway was being made. “Thank you for keeping your word, my beauty.”

“I said I would, and I did my best,” Will chuffed, aware it took a few tries, but he managed.

“You did perfectly.”

Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

“We’ve matched you with a young woman named Miriam,” Reba said, sliding a folder over the desk for them with all her information in it. “She’s twenty weeks along, recently confirmed male fetus.”

Hannibal took the folder and opened it, his deft fingers skimming along the paper. There in was a photograph of her, a blonde with blue eyes, porcelain skin. The good doctor saw a fiesty power there, and yet a touch of sweetness, naivety. “Thank you,” he said to Reba, casting his eyes over to Will, and then back to the folder. “She works for the bureau or will soon. I suspect that is why she feels she cannot keep the baby.”

“Yes. Her career is just taking off and she admitted she wasn’t ready to start a family. It’s very noble of her to keep the baby and offer him for adoption. She’s more than willing to cooperate with you both, let you be there for doctor appointments, visits, and the birth,” Reba explained.

“That’s wonderful. It’s exactly what we wanted,” Will commented, hand on Hannibal’s arm.

“Yes it is precisely ideal,” Hannibal agreed, placing his hand over Will’s once he set the folder down. He’d looked at her medical history, and saw no mental illnesses or any other possible genetic defects, health issues. “When may we meet her?”

“She has an appointment tomorrow and has requested you come along, if you’d like. You can get an ultrasound picture, listen to the heart beat, all that,” Reba explained sliding over another paper, one with a time and place written on it.

Hannibal took the paper and folded it after a quick glance, putting it in his inner suit coat pocket. “We shall be there waiting for her tomorrow. We cannot thank you enough, Miss McClane,” he said, taking Will’s hand to squeeze gently.

“Yes, thank you. We weren’t expecting anything this quickly,” Will said, squeezing Hannibal’s hand back.

“We had a few people drop from the program, so here we are,” Reba explained, and stood, to show them out.

“We are grateful,” Hannibal reiterated, and stood, keeping the folder in his hand, his other tethered to Will’s as they walked towards the door.

Once out to the parking lot, Will smiled brighter. “We get to meet him soon.”

Hannibal smiled, his lips twitching and curving as he hooked his arm around Will’s waist and kissed him tenderly. “That we do. I am quite looking forward to that. Only twenty weeks and

he will be here."

"Feels like forever," Will whispered against his husband's mouth. "It'll go by fast though."

"It will," Hannibal whispered back, tracing the curve of his jaw before pecking him softly, once more, and then walking him to the car. "We shall have much to do to occupy our time until he gets here."

"We do. Lots of prep," Will agreed, twining their fingers together as they walked.

"Yes, precisely, and I look forward to every last moment of it," Hannibal hummed, taking out his keys to unlock the Bentley once they'd reached it. He let Will's hand go, opening his door and closing it once his husband was in. Once he, himself, had sat down, he started the car and buckled up. "Is there anywhere else you would like to go?"

"We could do some shopping…" Will suggested, unable to get the smile off his face. "We've got a lot to prepare for."

"It is as though you can read my thoughts," Hannibal smiled with Will, patting his leg and giving it a loving squeeze. He backed up and pulled out of the parking, to head onto the street. "I must admit, I feel elated, and my heart is alight with love and anticipation."

"Mine too," Will sighed, "I'm glad we made this choice."

"As am I," Hannibal responded, making a right. He decided they should get some clothing for their son, and he knew just the place to go. "I thought we would focus on his wardrobe first, hm?"

"Really? Clothes?" Will asked, turning his head toward Hannibal. "I was thinking baby gates and burp cloths, a stroller…"

"I did say first," Hannibal chuckled, looking at Will for a moment before watching the road again. "I had thought we would take care of the attire now, since it is on the way and then go to procure the items you mentioned."

"Alright," Will said, not knowing much about baby clothes, so he'd follow Hannibal's lead.

Hannibal turned into the clothing store after a few more moments and parked, removing his seatbelt. He killed the engine and got out, walking over to open Will's door and offer his hand. "Shall we?"

Taking Hannibal's hand, despite how independent he prided himself to be, Will let his husband lead him and help him to the curb, happy to be close."Yes. Where are we?"

"At a local boutique," Hannibal answered as they entered and a basket was procured.

"That means expensive doesn't it?" Will asked, keeping their palms together, fingers clasped.

Hannibal chuckled, thumbing the skin of Will's hand, the other holding the basket. "Yes, likely but we can afford it," he hummed, walking with his beautiful husband to the boy's

section.

“What kind of clothes are there? We’ll have to buy an array, he’ll grow fast,” Will commented, touching racks as they walked by, feeling the materials and snaps.

“From casual to elegant,” Hannibal answered, watching Will’s fingers. He enjoyed shopping for such things, and especially with his husband. “You are correct, however, we shall procure the items from newborn to six months for starters.”

“And older. I think it’s best to be safe. We should buy summer clothes in newborn to six months,” Will suggested.

“You’ve been researching,” Hannibal smiled, quite pleased. “Yes, we should indeed. Are there any certain outfits you wish for him? Beyond what I have in mind?”

“I’ll never see him in them, so no,” Will said with a good natured chuckle. He’d gotten Abigail to help him search a little while they were alone and Hannibal worked. Abigail was just as excited as they were.

Hannibal shook his head, a soft chuckle resounding from his throat. “No, but I didn’t know if you’d want something… flannel. Perhaps one only. It would make for an interesting father son portrait, but I must insist the rest is sans flannel.”

“Maybe for older months, flannel in the summer isn’t ideal,” Will mentioned, feeling all the soft , warm clothes of the season. “We might need to shop the clearance rack.”

Hannibal pursed his lips at that. Clearance. “Perhaps. Though I’m not certain this establishment has a clearance rack.”

“Every store has an out of season rack,” Will insisted, having done this enough times with Abigail. He sighed. “You’ve never looked have you?”

Hannibal kissed Will’s hand, reassuring that he wasn’t bothered. “No, I admit I haven’t, but we shall look there. I want him to have everything he needs, despite my ego.”

“Think of it as a rack of things that are no longer in season,” Will suggested, squeezing his husband’s hand.

“My clever spouse,” Hannibal praised and then walked with Will over to that rack as the salesperson pointed to. Clearly they had been listening in, which was quite rude, but their helpfulness was their saving grace. “Ah, here we are.”

“Summer?” Will asked, touching the clothes and feeling light weight linen and short sleeves.

“Yes. All the plaid and cargo shorts that one might hope for,” Hannibal answered with a chuckle, eyeing the options. They were all appalling but he did desperately want that photo of their son and Will in their plaid themed summer attire.

“You sound amused by all that,” Will said, touching a linen shirt to take off the rack.

“I am, but not in a way that is mocking. I am looking forward to seeing you and our son dressed in such a way together,” Hannibal sated, and picked up some brown cargo shorts. “I think the shirt you have in your hand and the shorts I have will be perfect.”

“I’ll trust your opinion,” Will said, handing the shirt over. “Right size?”

“Yes, in fact it is,” Hannibal stated, as he looked inside the collar. He put it in the basket with the shorts. “Now then, onto something else.”

“You’re getting one outfit?” Will chuckled, unable to tell if Hannibal had picked out more or not. “We’ll need… uh, sleepers, and those onesies.”

“We do, yes. No, Mylimasis, I only want one from this rack,” Hannibal chuckled back, kissing Will’s jaw. “I plan on procuring much more, do not worry. I wager we shall be here quite a while.”

“Ah,” Will smiled and kept pacing with Hannibal as they walked onto another rack.

Hannibal pulled out a little three piece vested suit, paisley bow tie to match and even a pocket square. “I have found a beautiful Prada suit,” he said, tipping his chin proudly, even if it was more for himself. “It would be ideal for a photo of he and I.”

“Are we doing separate photos?” Will asked, head canted toward Hannibal.

“We’ll do one of all three of us, but I thought we’d also do one of you and him, then myself and him, and finally you and I. It would be a four picture collage to hang in the sitting room,” Hannibal answered, kissing Will’s lips once as he put the suit into the basket. “If you approve of this plan, of course.”

“I have no idea what that means,” Will admitted brows raised slightly. “So I trust your judgement.”

“I’m thankful for your trust,” Hannibal smiled, and picked out a few more formal outfits, putting them in the basket. He lead Will over to the sleepers, and then the onsies. Picking up one, he rubbed the soft fabric on his husband’s arm. “This onesie has our noble stag adorning it.”

“Does it?” Will asked, touching the fabric with a smile. Soft was good, babies should be soft.

"It does," Hannibal answered, wrapping his arm around Will's waist. He picked up a couple more, tossing them into the basket. "Perhaps some play wear?"

“Yes, something he can get dirty,” Will suggested, keeping close.

“An excellent idea, yes,” Hannibal said, and eyed the summer clothing for a moment, but of course he didn’t want that dirty, so he found a plain blue onesie and little grey sweatpants to go with it. “I’ve selected a pair of sweats and a plain colored onesie for play.”

“Good idea,” Will murmured, wrapping his fingers around Hannibal’s bicep. “We need socks too.”

“Yes, and shoes,” Hannibal hummed, rather enjoying himself with Will. It was always so, but especially since they were buying things for their son.

“He won’t need shoes until he’s walking,” Will pointed out, enjoying their soft banter as they shopped. “But maybe some soft slippers, booties?”

“No he won’t, you are correct, however I thought they might look more fitting for the photographs,” Hannibal smiled, happy that Will had done so much research. “But yes, booties and soft slippers certainly.”

“I guess,” Will chuckled, letting Hannibal have his way, there was no use arguing and making a scene about something as small as shoes.

“Yes,” Hannibal chuckled back, and pecked Will’s jaw, leading him to the shoes and booties. He selected a few pairs, as well as some slippers. “Now for the cloths and blankets, hm?”

“Yes.” Will kept a firm grasp on Hannibal’s arm as they walked. “I hope they have colors to match the room.”

“We will go elsewhere if they do not,” Hannibal agreed, strolling towards the blankets. He eyed the selection, and found a stag theme blanket, as well as one with some dogs. “I do believe they have precisely what we hoped for.”

Will touched a few of them as they put them in the basket, feeling out the depth. “We should have gotten a bigger basket.”

“Yes, that we should have. Let me go procure a cart,” Hannibal offered. There was still much more to buy.

Will took the basket from Hannibal and nodded, staying close to the aisle they were on. “I’ll stay right here.”

Hannibal hummed and then left to get the cart. He returned a minute later and commenced transferring the items over. “There. That gives us much more room.”

“I had a feeling we’d be buying more than a basket full,” Will said with a smile.

“You know me well,” Hannibal said, a smile lacing in his deep tone. He selected a few blankets more and walked with Will down the next isle. “Do you still wish to procure the other items after this? Or another day?”

“We’re out now,” Will insisted, wanting to get it done so they could take the next few months organizing everything.

“My thoughts exactly,” Hannibal said, and the picked up some socks. “Perhaps we get a coffee after this?”

“Coffee sound great,” Will said, hand on the cart as Hannibal shopped, reaching to touch a few things gently with his fingers. “Everything is so soft.”

“Yes, this is the best boutique for babies in town,” Hannibal smiled, pleased his husband was happy and enjoying their outing.

“He’ll be so spoiled,” Will whispered, not at all unhappy about it. He’d thought of adopting young once, but could never afford that sort of expense.

“He shall want for nothing,” Hannibal promised, leaning into Will affectionately as they did one more round before checkout. “And will attend the finest schools.”

“Poor thing,” Will chuckled, mostly teasing. They could get more as they needed but as Will was aware from Abigail, she was going to throw them a shower anyway.

Hannibal laughed, and then touched Will’s waist, leading him to the checkout. “I think we’ve procured all we need from here,” he said, taking the items out to set on the counter.

“For now,” Will murmured, as the cashier ran up the items and gave Hannibal the total. The doctor paid, and then took the bags into his hand, offering the other to Will.

“Shall we?”

Will took Hannibal’s hand and they walked out to the car once more, a soft layer of snow had laid out on the ground and Will sniffed the air. “Snowing isn’t it?”

“It is indeed, and it’s quite beautiful,” Hannibal hummed, popping the trunk and putting the bags inside. “There is a cafe next door that is the only suitable one for miles. We should go there.”

“Let’s go then,” Will said, waiting for Hannibal and then took his hand once more as a snowflake landed and melted on his cheek, wet and frosty.

Hannibal leaned over and kissed that snowflake, playfully, and then walked with Will to the cafe. “I cannot wait for our little one to play in their first snow. Bundled up, obviously, but it will be an experience for us all. You can help him sculpt a snowman.”

“Rather than build one?” Will asked, not sure how good he’d be at that. “What does a snowman look like?”

“Sculpting is shaping with your hands, as you well know. Making a snowman is the same, only with snow in lieu of clay. I believe we could stop by a store that has one for decoration, a statue of sorts that you could feel out,” Hannibal offered, and then opened the cafe door for his husband.

“I mean, I’ve heard a snowman described, but I’d like it to be… authentic,” Will chuckled as they entered the cafe.

Hannibal smiled, fingers laced once more as he pulled out a special braille menu from the counter and handed it to Will. “Of course, yes. We can go before the holiday’s end to let you feel it out, for future reference.”

“That could work,” Will said and thanked his husband for the menu, taking a moment to feel it over. “What are you getting?”

“A macchiato,” Hannibal answered, eyeing the menu above the counter. “A dusting of cinnamon, and just a whisper of foam, I believe.”

“Fancy. Just coffee for me, little sugar,” Will said quietly.

“I do enjoy indulging on occasion,” Hannibal said, though he got his with skim milk, and honey as opposed to sugar. He ordered their coffees and then took Will’s hand to go sit at the table.

“I like this,’ Will said quietly as they sat down, leaning close to Hannibal, able to tell when he was near. “Being out with you while it snows. It’s romantic.”

“It is,” Hannibal grinned, and took both of Will’s hands between his own. With a flirtatious, playful lilt to his tone, he kissed those hands, speaking over them, “Shall I pay for a horse and carriage ride once we leave?”

“Are you spoiling me now?” Will asked, but didn’t say no. “I’ve never done one of those.”

"I always enjoy spoiling you," Hannibal smiled, rubbing Will's hand. The coffee was brought over and the doctor took his to blow on. "We should do it, then, Mylimasis."

“Okay,” Will agreed and blew on his coffee, lightly sipping to test the heat. “I’d like that.”

“As would I,” Hannibal murmured, still utterly besotted with his husband, even after the time they’d spent together. His love never waned, and instead grew with each day. Taking a sip when he felt it cooled off, the doctor licked his lips. “It is suitable. I should make you something better later, at home.”

“It’s alright,” Will muttered into the cup and smiled. “It’s nothing like yours though.”

“Ah how you flatter me,” Hannibal grinned, and took another drink. “When our little one is here, we shall have to plan our romantic evenings. I should think once a week.”

“If we can agree on a babysitter,” Will pointed out with a grin. “I think Alana and Margot would agree.”

“Yes, or Abigail,” Hannibal hummed, knowing she was young, but also responsible. He would watch her with their son at first, of course, making sure she was in fact. “But I certainly think that Alana and Margot would be the optimal choice.”

“Yes. Abigail, too, but she has college,” Will commented; he wouldn’t want to bother her with that if she were busy.

“I would not wish to impede her studies, quite right,” Hannibal agreed, taking another sip. “She is very excited for the arrival of our little boy.”

“She is. She always wanted a sibling,” Will chuckled and took another sip, licking his bottom lip for a stray drop.

Hannibal found himself licking his own lips as he watched the sweep of Will’s tongue. Refocusing, he chuckled, “A little brother to watch over.”

“Yeah,” Will whispered, setting his cup down, he leaned toward Hannibal’s voice. “Let’s ditch the coffee and get that carriage ride.”

“An excellent idea,” Hannibal smiled, reaching out to stroke Will’s cheek before he got up and offered his hand to Will, making sure to touch his first so he’d know it was there.

Leaving the coffees behind, Will stood and thread their fingers together, sticking close. “Are there very many around?”

“I saw one as we were walking up,” Hannibal answered, happy to be close to his husband. He looked up, and down the road, at the corner, seeing one waiting. “There is one just a few paces ahead.”

Nodding, Will followed Hannibal’s lead, starting to hear the clomping of hooves near by, the ricketing of other carriages. They arrived and Will let Hannibal help him in and then cuddled in close.

As the carriage took off, the cool wind blew in, just a bit, as there were curtains there to keep some out. Still, it was perfect, Hannibal mused. “This is romantic indeed,” he whispered, kissing the corner of his husband’s mouth. “Are you too cold? You can use my jacket.”

“No, this is alright,” Will said as he turned to kiss Hannibal’s properly. “Perfect even.”

“You are, and yes, this is,” Hannibal crooned, wrapping his arms around his husband. Soft, elegant Christmas music began to play in the carriage, not too loud, as they were trotted around the square. “I love you, Mylimasis.”

Will angled himself toward Hannibal, hand on his waist, and kissed him fully, their heads resting together. “I love you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiled over Will’s lips, his blood thrumming hot from the beat of their passion, and intensity of their love. He tenderly suckled his lips. “Bound always.”

No matter the fights or arguments, they always came back, had since the day they met, no matter the tiffs. Will gripped Hannibal’s hip and kissed him deeper, sparks igniting in his belly at their closeness, their bond. Hannibal pressed his body against Will’s, guiding him back against the seat as he loomed over, and kissed him languidly, feeling out the soft tongue and pallet of his beloved’s mouth. It was exquisite.

“Hannibal-” Will murmured against his mouth, arm snaking up his back as he felt out the soft, luxurious fabric of his husband’s shirt, pulling him in closer, but keeping mindful of where they were.

“Will-“ Hannibal whispered, like a prayer on the cool wind as a few snowflakes floated into the carriage while they kissed one another. It was romantic, passionate, nothing lewd since they were in public, and the good doctor was elated. Back muscles flexed under fine clothes as he slowed their kiss to a simmer, holding his jaw as the other bracketed his head.

Hand through Hannibal’s hair, Will mussed it up a little as he gripped it, keeping Hannibal’s weight over him, lips melding and meshing. Their combined warmth heated thoroughly.

“This will be a Christmas to remember,” Hannibal hummed, and then nipped at Will’s lips, and his nose, pulling back to let him breathe.

“Our first together, and last before we have another addition,” Will whispered and kept Hannibal close, his warmth altogether inviting.

“Yes, my love. It shall be perfect, and all those to come with our little angel,” Hannibal whispered back, pressing his nose into Will’s neck, his curls, inhaling.

Will strummed his fingers over Hannibal’s nape, holding him there, against him. “How did I get so lucky?”

“I was wondering the same thing, about myself,” Hannibal murmured, kissing Will’s neck softly and intermittently.

Will was not unaware of his luck, or that Hannibal could have anyone. He was just happy they had finally found an peace between them and that Will had overcome to admit he wanted happiness, despite the murders they had done, and more than Hannibal likely had done, Will put it all behind them. “How lucky we both are then.”

“That we are,” Hannibal agreed, wrapping his arm tighter around Will, looking out the window before turning his head back to gaze at his husband, kissing him twice.

Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

They met Miriam the next day just outside the doctor's office she requested they meet her at, a small thing, pretty, but Will felt her spirit to be tough and hard, which was good, it meant their son would be too.

"I'm Miriam," she said, shaking their hands, clearly instructed that Will was blind, so she was patient with him,

"Will, and this is my husband Hannibal."

"A pleasure, Miriam," Hannibal smiled, gently taking her hand. Naturally, he took in everything about her from her scent, to her clothes, and demeanor. He was pleased.

She was shown in first, allowed to dress down and then the two of them were ushered into sit by her head as the doctor set everything up. A routine exam was done first and they were told she was perfectly fine, and then the ultrasound was brought in. Will couldn't see anything, but he trusted Hannibal to convey it to him.

Hannibal felt emotion swell in his breast as he saw the imagery on screen, and he squeezed Will's hand, kissing it, before smiling at Miriam. "He's perfect," he said, and then gave Will the measurements and heart beat. "Perhaps we can hear the heartbeat so that Will may experience the wonders as well."

"We're getting there," the doctor insisted as Miriam smiled at them both reassuringly. The heartbeat monitor came next and the small swooshing sound filled the room.

"Is that a normal beat?" Will asked, not too sure.

"Yes, it is quite normal to be so rapid," Hannibal hummed, his eyes not leaving the monitor. He felt tears in his eyes but swallowed them down. "Beautiful."

"Oh," Will said, pleased with that.

The doctor printed off a photo for them and handed it over. She then wiped of Miriam's belly. "Everything looks and sounds great. Keep up with the prenatal vitamins, lots of water."

Hannibal held the photo like the prize that it was and looked at Miriam once the other doctor left. "Would you like to have lunch at our home or perhaps go someplace to converse? We will leave the room so that you may get dressed."

"I have to get back to work in about two hours," Miriam said, sitting up. "But lunch would be nice."

“Good. We shall wait for you in the lobby,” Hannibal smiled, and ushered Will out with him to wait on her.

Will took Hannibal’s hand as they walked out and down to the lobby once more. “She seems nice.”

“She does,” Hannibal agreed, his other hand holding the photo. “Intelligent, and beautiful, well put together. I think she’s perfect to give us our son.”

“She’s level headed,” Will agreed. “I hope the father is too.”

“Yes, that she is. I will try to obtain more information on the father,” Hannibal offered, looking at the photo once more.

“You can’t stop looking at it can you?” Will asked, smiling. “How big is it?”

“I admit I cannot,” Hannibal smiled, and then eyed the fetus. Their perfect boy. “He is roughly ten inches in length from head to heel, and nearing eleven ounces in weight, I’d wager. He has her legs, it would appear.”

“You can see all that in a tiny image?” Will’s brows raised a little, he had nothing to compare it to, of course.

“The weight is based on my knowledge of such, and from her weight. The length, yes, it is visible on the image, and the bone structure is apparent to me,” Hannibal answered, able to note the length of the fetus’ femur, as well as others due to the optimal position in the womb.

“Interesting,” Will commented. “I wish I could see him.”

“I know, Mylimasis, but once he arrives, you shall see him as you do all the world,” Hannibal offered, kissing Will’s jaw.

Will had never been sad about his sight before, but now he found himself a bit distraught. “True.” Before Hannibal could say anything else, Miriam appeared and smiled at them both, touching Will’s arm to announce herself.

“All set.”

“Excellent,” Hannibal smiled, concerned for his husband but he’d speak with him later. “Would you like to ride with us, or did you come in your own vehicle?”

“I have my car, but thank you,” she said and let go of Will’s arm. “Where should I meet you?”

Hannibal gave her the address to their home, on a little card that he’d pre- written in anticipation. He’d not have her and their son dining in common restaurant filth. “We shall meet you there.”

She took the card and nodded, then left.

Will took Hannibal's hand once more. "I think this will work out well."

"As do I," Hannibal hummed, walking with Will to the car once they exited the building. He opened the door for him, then got in, starting it up and putting on his seatbelt.

Will did the same, musing about how good this experience was going to be, to be able to feel the baby grow and and let him listen to their voices. "I'm very excited now."

"Good. I'm extremely pleased to hear it," Hannibal smiled, pulling out onto the road once he saw Miriam was ready to follow. "There is much to be excited about."

"And lots to do," Will commented, taking Hannibal's free hand as they drove on.

"Indeed," Hannibal agreed, squeezing Will's hand. It didn't take long and they were back, parking in the driveway. The elegant doctor got out, and then waited for Will, watching Miriam's car pull up.

Will got out and waited as Miriam parked and met them at the steps into the house. "This is very nice house, Doctor Lecter."

"Thank you, Miriam," Hannibal smiled, and gestured for her to accompany him and Will inside. "We have a dogs, but they are friendly, I assure you. I do hope you're not allergic?"

"No, not at all," she said, following Will in as the dogs all came up to sniff her. She put her hand out as Will tried to round most of them up.

Hannibal watched, and closed the door behind them, then went to the back door to let the dogs out, that way they could all converse without interruption. "I will start lunch, but before I do, I must warn you, nothing is vegetarian," he smiled, "I hope that is alright. I can make an exception for you, if you are, naturally."

"Oh, no. I'm not. Thank you for asking," Miriam said as she watched the dogs pile out the backdoor. "That's a lot of dogs."

Will chuckled. "All strays. Well behaved, I promise."

"Winston is his assistant," Hannibal added, smiling, as he put on his apron.

"That's true. Winston is the only dog we have that isn't a stray. He's seeing eye dog trained," Will agreed.

"Oh, even still that's a lot of strays," Miriam commented, watching all the dogs. "They're all good with children?"

"Yes. I trained them all my self."

"Will is quite talented that way," Hannibal hummed, and kissed his husband's jaw. "He is also a gifted sculptor."

"Oh, how nice," Miriam said, and Will just smiled awkwardly, a flush present up to his ears.

“They’re alright. I hardly make a decent living on them.”

“He’s being modest,” Hannibal insisted and then smoothed down his apron. “I am going to begin lunch. Would you like something to drink, Miriam? I have water, decaffeinated tea, and juice.”

“Water is perfect,” Miriam answered and Will went to get it so Hannibal could start their lunch. He set it down in front of her at the table, and she thanked him. “So what do you sculpt?”

“I get commissioned for busts, usually. Sometimes Animals.”

“How does that work… with your…”

“Blindness?” Will chuckled. “I touch and feel out the object or person, take in the details that way.”

“Perhaps he can show you some of his work while I prepare our food,” Hannibal suggested, calling out from the kitchen.

“There’s a few in the garage,” Will insisted, standing once more, Miriam got up with him, and they disappeared out there.

As they did that, Hannibal finished lunch, setting the table, and then placing the food there. He washed his hands once more, and waited for them to return.

“Those were really great,” Miriam said as they walked back in and she held the door for Will.

“Thank you,” Will replied, closing it behind them. “I hope to sculpt one of the baby once he’s born.

“I’d love to see it when you do.”

Hannibal smiled at both of them and pulled out the chair for Miriam, and then Will, the food on the table. “Please, have a seat. White wine for Will and I, and sparkling white grape juice for you, Miriam.”

“Thank you,” she said, not a wine drinker as it were, so the juice was very welcomed. She took a seat, so far very pleased with the couple she’d been paired with.

“You’re welcome,” Hannibal smiled, not wanting her to have wine either because of the baby. He took his fork in hand, napkin close by. “Lemon and herb poached salmon, with a rice pilaf.”

“Smells delicious,” Miriam said as she took a bite, and then Will did once he heard her fork scrape the plate once.

“Everything Hannibal makes is delicious.”

Hannibal took a bite then, tipping his head proudly. “Ah, thank you, both of you,” he smiled, and then sniffed his wine, taking a sip as he looked from Will to Miriam. “Miriam. May I inquire about the father?”

“Oh, the baby’s?” She took a swallow of the juice. “I was in a serious relationship for a few years with him, and he left out of nowhere. I told him about the baby but he didn’t want anything to do with him or me. I couldn’t do this on my own and raise a child and get on with my career.”

“I see. That was rather rude of him,” Hannibal said, though he was glad, for if the vile excuse for a man hadn’t done as he had, they wouldn’t be where they were. “I am sorry to hear that but rest assured your son will be well taken care of, and provided for.”

“That’s what I was told. You hold high regard in society, Doctor Lecter,” Miriam said with another bite of food, quite pleased with it.

Hannibal took another bite as well, his lips wrapping elegantly around the fork before he pulled it past them, gingerly wiping his mouth. “Thank you,” he said, eating the compliments up like the meal before him. “I’ve heard you are progressing rapidly in your chosen path. Top of class, if I’m not mistaken?”

“Yes. It’ll be put on hold for the next few months to come, but I’ll be able to get right back at it,” Miriam insisted with a smile.

“We’re glad to help,” Will said, teasingly. “And… you’re welcome to come see him anytime.”

“Yes, agreed,” Hannibal said, sipping his wine. “Anytime at all. We do not wish to keep him from you. If you don’t want to visit, we can send photographs, and updates, via email or however you prefer.”

“That’s very thoughtful,” Miriam said, still undecided on that topic. “I don’t want to barge on your family though.”

“Take your time to consider it, we wouldn’t rush you, and our offer will stand,” Hannibal assured, finishing his food, and casually enjoying his wine.

“Thank you,” the FBI trainee said and cut into her salmon for another bite. “It’s very generous of you.”

“It is but a small courtesy compared to what you giving my husband and I,” Hannibal said, finished and rubbing Will’s arm affectionately. “You are giving us a family.”

“I see it as you two are providing me a service by ensuring he has a home and that I know where he’ll be going, rather than put into a system,” Miriam explained, shaking her head. She loved kids, but this was not the best timing.

“And you’re sure you won’t change your mind?” Will asked, quiet for the most part until now.

“I am. I signed the paperwork already.”

“You shall not be disappointed with your choice,” Hannibal offered, giving her a smile.

“I’m very glad to hear it,” She said and sipped her juice once more.

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“You’re not the least bit worried she might change her mind? Or the husband will come back and want to keep the baby?” Will asked his husband once Miriam had left.

“She seems secure in her choice, but I cannot speak for the father. Should he try to interfere, I will handle it,” Hannibal said, as Christmas music played softly in the sitting room, the lights of the tree flickering. He hooked his arm around his husband, keeping him close as the other held his brandy. “You’re worried?”

“It’s a tricky situation,” Will commented, arm around Hannibal’s shoulders as they swayed a little. “I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

Hannibal broke just for a second to set his brandy down, wanting to be unhindered as he held his beloved. “It is, yes, but should problems arise, there are solutions, Mylimasis. I wouldn’t be concerned.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Will asked, curious mostly, as they didn’t talk about the murders, not since a few months ago.

“I believe you know,” Hannibal said with a smile, and kissed Will’s lips softly, holding him around his waist. “The child Miriam carries is ours now. I will not let some vile pencil licker take our boy away.”

“Good,” Will breathed, one hand over Hannibal’s heart, feeling the steady beat to calm himself.

Hannibal kissed Will once more, a sound promise sealed with flesh, and shared air; he pressed against him closer, chest to chest, and took in his husband’s scent. “You, myself, our son, and Abigail. I shall protect us all, Mischa included, with my very life, Will.”

“It’s so close now, I don’t want us parted for any reason,” Will whispered, wanting Hannibal to know that for whatever reason they would need to do this, he would indefinitely support him, but they had to be careful.

Understanding perfectly, Hannibal nodded, holding Will’s face as they swayed, slower and slower, the music but a soft noise in the background. “That will not happen, my love. I will not let anything part us, or take us down.”

“Good,” Will whispered once more and started to sway once again to the music.

“I love you,” Hannibal whispered back, nosing against his husband’s jaw, the warm fire crackling as the dogs slept on their beds, all curled up in furry balls.

“I love you, too,” Will sighed, contented, and allowed the music to move them.

They danced like that a little longer and then Hannibal kissed Will once more, taking his hand. “Shall we sit down or relax in bed?”

“We don’t have to relax,” Will crooned softly to his husband.

Hannibal let his other hand find Will’s ass, giving it a firm squeeze. “Perhaps another activity then…” he tumbled, and kissed under his husband’s jaw, “one that will leave us both sweaty and exhausted on the bed.”

“And completely ready to sleep,” Will whispered, head canted off to the side as he sighed. “Let’s go retire to our room.”

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed, and pulled back to walk with Will up to their room. Once inside, pressed Will against the wall with a grunt, starting to rid him of his clothing. “Far too many layers, allow me…”

“Please do,” Will replied, breathlessly, his own hands working Hannibal’s nice clothes undone and off his body, fingers trailing over every bit of him.

Hannibal stripped Will of his clothing, piece by piece and shrugged off his own, until they were both nude together. He lifted his husband up, after slicking up his cock and slipped in carefully, fucking him slowly, upright, against the wall. “Ah, Will-“

Will leaned his shoulders into the wall to hold himself up, hips canted toward Hannibal, cock smacking against his stomach as the rhythm picked up. “Hannibal-”

Bending his knees, Hannibal snarled, driving his cock inside relentlessly, groaning as his ass muscles flexed. “You are divine, Mylimasis.”

Will held tight, hands on Hannibal’s shoulders as his head lolling back against the wall, a pent up heat starting to build at the base of his spine. “As are you…”

Hannibal groaned at that, and licked into Will’s mouth, his usually kempt hair hanging in his eyes, sticking to his husband’s brow. “William-“

“Fuck,” Will swore, legs wrapped tight around Hannibal’s hips. “Take me hard.”

“Yes-“ Hannibal growled, his rhythm picking up. He banged Will against the wall from the force of it, his fingernails digging into his beloved’s ass. “How does that feel?”

“Good-” Will managed, head lolled back with every pass of Hannibal’s pistoning hips. “Please.” The heat was boiling to the surface, through his lower back spreading, pooling through his groin.

Hannibal licked up Will’s neck, to his mouth, where he plundered, his tongue seeking and exploring. His pace grew faster, and he move to the bed, falling atop Will to finish that way, able to go harder in that position. “Mm, Will-”

Air gasped from his lungs as they fell, lifting his hips to take Hannibal in completely, deeper now as they changed position. He scratched down Hannibal's back, hard enough to leave marks. "Almost."

Howling at the feel of Will's nails, Hannibal wrapped his hand around his throat and restricted just enough air to add to his husband's pleasure. He slammed into his ass, balls thudding as he tapped against the other's prostate insistently. Heat churned and burned in core, like a volcano ready to erupt. "You are mine, Will. Come for me, give me your release-"

Will reached between them to stroke his own length, rubbed over the knotted nerves as he his body hitched and writhed, pushing him to the brink. "Han-" he only managed before he came, spilling over his fingers.

A few seconds later and Hannibal was coming too, his hips stuttering, and muscles clenching as he filled up his husband with hot seed, kissing each sound and moan from Will's lips. Their coupling was always full of love and passion, and he knew it would never dissipate. "My William-"

Will held Hannibal's face as they breathed and kissed, melting into one another. "Only yours."

"I would bury anyone who tried to come between us," Hannibal whispered, losing himself in Will, holding him as he turned them onto their sides.

"No one will," the brunet insisted, contently sighing against Hannibal's mouth as he refused to let them part.

"No one," Hannibal echoed, brushing their noses together as his own was filled with the scent of their musk, and spend--a tonic he was most fond of and always would be.

Chapter 6

Christmas Eve came quickly, putting them in the living room with warm drinks by a cozy fire, all snuggled in new pajamas Hannibal insisted. Abigail had a cider and Hannibal made hot adult beverages for them both. Will hadn't been able to do gift shopping like he would have preferred, but Hannibal was hard to buy for, and always had things he already wanted. So, instead Will opted to buy something he thought would be useful, maybe.

He handed an envelope to Hannibal. "You are the hardest to buy for."

Hannibal smiled, taking the beautiful envelope and opened it, with a letter opener, that he grabbed from his desk. Looking at the contents, he leaned in to kiss Will, softly. "Will, this is wonderful, thank you," he said, love in his tone, "This is the finest wine club in the area. Trust that I shall make good use of this, Mylimasis."

He then turned to set the paper down, along with the letter opener, taking a small envelope, tied in a soft blue ribbon from his pajama pocket, the inside was in braille, so his beloved would be able to read it. Will took it and opened it, touching the paper all over.

"A… Doctor's appointment?"

"I feel this is something that will be of great use," Hannibal stated, giving Abigail a smile, before turning back to his husband. "It's a, somewhat new procedure, that was first developed by William Dobelle. A stimulator chip will sit in your primary visual cortex, to give you sight. It is still in the developmental phase, and I've been assisting them with that. So far there has been a high success rate, with limited negative effects," a pause and then, "For Christmas, I hope to give you sight, and the opportunity to see our son, together."

Overwhelmed with suddenly emotion, Will grew silent, swallowing thickly, chest squeezing as his heart beat faster. "Actual sight?"

Hannibal stepped closer, and placed both hands on Will's shoulders, watching him. "Yes, my beauty, actual, permanent sight. If you'll allow me the honor of giving it to you."

"Will you be doing the surgery?" Will asked, not entirely a fan of doctors, but he wanted this more than anything.

"Yes, I shall, along with a team of specialists at my side," Hannibal answered, rubbing Will's shoulder, and down his bicep as he thought he heard Abigail sniffle where she was seated. "I want you to know that I waited until many tests and trials had been done. It is safe, and I would not put you in danger."

"No, I know," Will said, wiping tears from his own eyes, feeling almost selfish for even accepting this, knowing there were those who needed their sight far more than he did. "I'll do it."

Hannibal leaned in and kissed the residual moisture from Will's cheek, and then his lips, tasting the salt there as he embraced him. "Good, Will. Thank you, and Merry Christmas."

Abigail hugged them both in a group effort, sniffling too. Will patted her hand. "Merry Christmas…"

"You both mean the world to me, as well as our son, and the pack," Hannibal whispered, hugging them both, kissing Abigail's temple, and then Will's lips once more, as the dogs padded over to see what was going on, tails wagging. "We still need to give you your gift Abigail…"

"You guys didn't have to," she said, bending to pet the dogs as they piled around their feet for attention.

"No we didn't, however we wanted to," Hannibal assured, and then pulled back after another kiss to Will. "However you will need to close your eyes, Abigail."

Will held on to Hannibal's arm while Abigail closed her eyes and covered them with her fingers. "Is it… big?"

"You shall see in a moment, dear girl," Hannibal chuckled, leading them outside to the driveway where a beautiful hunter green Volvo V90 - the most elegant of off road vehicles - sat, wrapped with a red bow. "You may open your eyes now."

"Oh my gosh, you guys!" Abigail hugged them both and took the keys Will had held out in his hand. She brushed snow from the top and opened it up, screaming with delight.

Hannibal chuckled, kissing Will's jaw as he watched his step daughter's delight. "I had thought for something even more exotic but Will suggested a vehicle you could take off road, as it were."

"Something simple," Will offered.

"It's perfect!" Abigail said, getting out to hug them both tightly.

Hannibal kissed her head, holding them both as he smiled, pleased with himself. "You'll need to get it insured as soon as possible, of course, but we're pleased you like it."

"Of course," Abigail said, letting go, and jumping up and down. "I'll go online now and do that." She wanted to drive it but she knew Will would insist she insure it first.

"Will and I shall continue our discussion whilst you do that," Hannibal smiled, again, and then lead Will towards the front door, taking his hand.

Locking the car back, she ran into the house. Will chuckled, leaning into Hannibal. "She's wanted a new car for a while. Thank you for helping with that."

"Certainly, it was very nice to be able to do it for her," Hannibal hummed, walking with Will.

“Will this surgery actually work?” Will asked, quieter, as they entered the house, the dogs rushing back inside in front of them.

“I am confident it will, my love,” Hannibal answered, already having done it on a few others, just to make sure he had the technique perfected. “You fit all the qualifications.”

“What if if doesn’t work? How does this change my eyes?” Will asked, not sure what he’d look like after, then again, he didn’t know what he looked like at all.

“The appearance of your eyes will not change, they shall stay as blue as they are now,” Hannibal assured, but he knew what Will meant. “If for some reason, it doesn’t work, then you will look and feel as you do now.”

“So nothing to lose,” Will said, letting out a breath he’d been holding.

“No,” Hannibal answered, leaning in to kiss Will’s lips softly. “I would rather you never see at all, than to risk losing you, Will. You only have something to gain, in this instance.”

“Then I hope to gain,” Will whispered and kissed Hannibal back. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered back, stroking Will’s cheek before moving his hand.

“The card is just for consult first?” Will asked, taking Hannibal’s hand as they walked back to their drinks in the sitting room.

“Yes, to get you started with the consult, as you said, and the next appointment will be to run the preliminary tests, before the third, which shall be your surgery,” Hannibal explained, handing Will his drink, then taking up his own.

“This could take months,” Will commented, the anxiety of it started to fill him slowly, but he washed it down with a drink instead. “I don’t want to be recovering when our son is born.”

“I know, it could, but recovering will not mean you are bedridden the entire time. I suspect you shall be recovered before he arrives,” Hannibal said, and rubbed Will’s back.

“Okay,” Will sighed, not wanting to be useless with an newborn.

“Will, I assure you, this is a great opportunity, it will go according to plan,” Hannibal said, taking a breath.

“I know, I know… I trust you,” Will said, trying not to be so apprehensive about such a good thing. He took another swallow, drowning his fears.

“Thank you,” Hannibal hummed, though he could all but feel Will’s nervousness. He wondered if his husband would be open to a mild sedative, or perhaps a regular prescription for his anxiety, as he’d shown quite a bit as of late. He’d mention it another time. “I do have a few more gifts for you, but they shall have to wait until in the morning.”

Changes were a big thing and Will liked things to remain the same, but he also knew change was good. He rested his hand on Hannibal's chest, leaning in. "Of course. I wouldn't dream of asking for them now."

"Good, because that would be quite naughty," Hannibal crooned, playful and flirtatious to ease his husband's nerves and because he rather enjoyed flirting with him. The doctor leaned in the rest of the way and kissed his nose, then his lips. "Let's let the dogs out and then go to bed, hm?"

"Okay," Will whispered with a smile of his own pressed against Hannibal's lips. He took their glasses and walked them slowly to the kitchen, and set them in the sink. Then, he opened the back door to let the dogs out.

Hannibal attended to the glasses, and shut down the kitchen, and the living room for the night, putting out the fireplace. He walked over to Will and wrapped his arms around him from behind, staring over his shoulder into the darkness of night. "Are you cold? I should stay where I am just to be certain you're not."

Will smiled and reached up to touch Hannibal's arm. "Very. You should stay here forever."

"I give you my word then, that I shall, until you wish me to move," Hannibal smiled back, apparent in his tone as he kissed the nape of his husband's neck while the dogs did their business and sniffed around.

Will reached his other hand up and touched the back of Hannibal's head, holding him there. "I never want to be apart from you, honestly."

"Never, Will. We are bound for eternity," Hannibal promised, believing every last syllable of that vow. He hugged him tighter, inhaling his scent. "Aš tave myliu."

"I love you," Will whispered back, leaning back into Hannibal, his chest pressed tight to Will's back.

Snow began to fall then once more, as though by magic for their romantic moment, and Hannibal hummed, letting his face rest atop his husband's shoulder. "That is the only gift I shall ever require."

"That's all you want for Christmas?" Will chuckled, content to stay like this as the dogs jumped and tried to bite the snowflakes.

Hannibal chuckled at the dogs and then whispered at Will's ear, which was getting cold. "Yes, just you, your love, and our family."

"I can cancel the wine club," Will husked, teasing.

"Don't you dare," Hannibal chuckled again, roughly, and nosed against Will's neck. "Let's get them inside and get warmer in our bed, hm?"

Will nodded, whistling for the dogs, who all piled in, covered in snow. "Help me dry them off? I'm sure they're all wet."

“Certainly,” Hannibal nodded and then went to procure some towels that were reserved for the pups. He returned, and handed them to Will, crouching down to begin helping.

Will got down and got half of them wiped down and then sent along so they could find a nice warm spot to curl up in for the night, though Winston stayed close, as he always did. “There we go.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, after drying his half of the pack off. He let them in as well and closed up the door, washing his hands. He ran his hand down Will’s back, walking with him to their room. Inside, he began to undress, getting the pajamas off, down to his boxers. “Much better.”

Will did the same, a little slower, and then crawled into bed, cold, and then tugged Hannibal closer. “You promised to stay close.”

“That I did, and I shall keep my word,” Hannibal crooned, wrapping himself around Will like a weighted blanket. He kissed his lips, his warm mouth covering his.

Every limb of Will’s wrapped in turn around Hannibal, twining them together as their lips and tongues did the same. “Good.”

“Mhm, indeed,” Hannibal whispered, pulling the covers over them, to their shoulders as they made out under them. He kissed up his jaw, and back down. “Are you warming, my beauty?”

“Getting there,” Will whispered with a soft sigh, their heat igniting inside their love nest.

Hannibal smiled, rolling atop Will, halfway, nothing insistent or hasty, just slow slides of tongue and rolls of hips. “Likewise, Mylimasis.”

Gasping, Will sucked on Hannibal’s bottom lip, hands all over his back, feeling out his perfectly smooth, soft skin. Will could ask for a lot of things for Christmas, but this was by far the best, even over having sight, he would never ask for anything other than Hannibal. That gasp was beautiful, to Hannibal, as was everything about his husband. He licked along Will’s top lip, slotting their mouths together perfectly as their hearts synced up anew.

“Hannibal…” Will wrapped a leg around his husband’s hip and rolled his own against his thigh slowly.

“There, Will, utilize my body to ignite the flames inside your own,” Hannibal rumbled, grinding into Will’s thigh, his cock pressed inside his boxers, and leaking.

Will writhed, thigh squeezing as he rode Hannibal’s own, breath hitching. He kissed Hannibal with heated passion this time, tongue delving in as his body burst with new heat. “Mm…”

Hannibal grabbed Will’s wrists, moving them above his head as his fingers slide down to lace them together. He returned each kiss with equal fervor, fire churning in his core. “You’re close to burning me alive, with your kiss, your touch, and each sweet sound that drips from your mouth.”

“Hannibal-” was Will desperate reply into his mouth, muttered and muffled by the clashing of lips and tongue, panted as their chests rose and fell together. Will writhed under his husband, needy and with wanton lust.

“Tell me what you want, Mylimasis,” Hannibal groaned back, sweat starting to cover his skin as they moved together. He got between his husband’s legs, grinding down over and over.

Will grinned, licking his lips. “Ride me.”

With a coy smirk on his lips, that he knew wouldn’t be seen, Hannibal moved to grab the lubricant; he slicked up Will’s cock, and then his fingers, inserting two into his ass without hesitation as he let his beloved hear the penetration. “As I’ve stated, I would deny you nothing,” he groaned, and once he was open, he sat down on his husband’s shaft, bracing palms on his smooth chest as he began to ride him. “How does that feel?”

Arched his back, Will pushed himself inside of Hannibal with an audible sigh, heels planted into the bed. When Hannibal let him, Will adored these moments. “Wonderful.”

Hannibal enjoyed them also; beholding Will’s power was always something he treasured. Grunting, his body on fire with pleasure, the doctor snapped his hips, taking Will as far in as he could, meeting each inward press with a deep down stroke of his own. “Yes, quite-“

Will grasped Hannibal’s hips, pulling him down over his cock with every last pass of his own, jolting up, pushing into Hannibal. “Hannibal-”

Cock slapping against his belly, Hannibal rode harder, leaning down to kiss Will as his prostate was stimulated with each exquisite pass. He felt himself near the edge already but he wouldn’t stop until his stunning sculptor had come completely undone first. “Will-“

Will pressed up with his hips in every pass, stroked perfectly with Hannibal’s tight, hot warmth. “So close-” The burning began to seep into his lower back.

“Likewise,” Hannibal whispered, hot and breathy over Will’s mouth as his heart thudded like a drum. He sucked his tongue, scraping his teeth over the slick muscle there, strangling his cock with his hole.

Tensing up, Will’s body writhed once before shooting hot and thick up into Hannibal. Panting, he rutted, over and over, riding out the waves of pure ecstacy. “Hannibal-!”

Hannibal’s cock rubbed against Will’s belly as he rode him faster, licking into his mouth as his body tensed up. The warmth spread through him beautifully and he came, all at once, hot between them as his hole pulsed. “Will-!”

Finally their bodies rolled together one last time, and Will sighed out, content, chest heaving. “I love you.”

“I love you,” Hannibal whispered, catching his breath as he wrapped his arms around Will and kissed his brow.

Will pushed Hannibal over and pulled out, curling into him. “Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas, Mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered again, rubbing his large palms down his back.

***

The next morning, Will went down in his pajamas and robe, starting breakfast of the cinnamon rolls Hannibal had made and set in the fridge, just needing to be baked. He put the coffee on and let the dogs out, standing by the door, cool wind and snow in his face. Abigail trudged down and she hugged him.

“Close the door, it’s freezing,” she said, pecking his cheek. “Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas, Abby.”

Hannibal came down a moment later, in his red silk pajamas, and robe, complete with elegant brown house loafers. “Merry Christmas to you both,” he said, kissing the top of Abigail’s head, and then moving around to give Will one on his lips. “Thank you for starting the coffee and cinnamon rolls, my beauty.”

“I was up,” Will whispered, holding Hannibal close before he let him leave again. “Coffee should be about done.”

With a smile in his tone, and on his lips, Hannibal hummed, and squeezed Will’s hand. “Coffee sounds marvellous, I’ll bring you a cup,” he offered, and then went into the kitchen to pour them all a mug full. Once it was made, he handed on to Abigail, and then Will, blowing on his own. “You do have a couple more gifts under the tree, as does Abigail.”

“We’ll get there,” Will said as he sipped his coffee slowly, and then finally shut the door once the dogs were inside again. Abigail wiped them all down this time as Will got their food out so they wouldn’t be in the way at gift opening.

Hannibal sipped his coffee, and then set it down, going over to check on the rolls. Once they were done, he pulled them out of the oven and put on the homemade glaze, once it was heated. He set them onto plates, and put them on the breakfast bar. “Come, the cinnamon rolls are ready. After we open gifts, I’ll begin preparing our Christmas supper.”

Will laughed as they took their coffee to the table and sat down. “Smell wonderful.”

Abigail immediately dug in, humming her approval. “S’good.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal grinned, and then took a bite of his, not waiting since this was just a small little treat. “Both of you.”

Will took a bite and groaned a little, laughing as he covered his mouth. “These are better than the ones at the mall.”

“By far,” Abigail agreed.

“I’m pleased that I was able to surpass Cinnabon, or whatever it is that it's called,” Hannibal chuckled, reaching out to touch Will’s hand, smiling at Abigail. He did so love the praise.

“Yeah, it’s much better,” Abigail said as Will turned his hand over and squeezed Hannibal’s hand.

“A great Christmas Treat.”

“Thank you both,” Hannibal said, again, eating it all up like the very object that they were speaking about. He took another bite, and then followed it with coffee, his eyes warm with love.

They finished their meal and then moved into the living room, by the tree. Abigail set on some music. “Is Mischa coming by?”

“She is, but later this evening, likely when dinner is ready, or perhaps after,” Hannibal said, standing close. “She will be here though. Now, shall we unwrap our gifts that St. Nicholas has left us?” he asked, with a grin.

Will laughed. “Maybe as well.”

“Will, all of your gifts have ribbons on them, Abigail, yours are with bows,” Hannibal smiled, as the dogs stayed distracted by their food. “There are things for the baby, in blue, the dogs in brown, and Mischa’s are in my room for now.”

Abigail sat by the tree to sort them out since Will would have a difficult time figuring the colors by touch. “Yours are just there and the dogs are to your right.”

“Thank you,” Will said, taking one of the gifts from ‘Santa’ to open. Unwrapping the gift, Will found another box and opened that one too. Feeling around inside, his fingers edged over sharp lines and cool glass. A faint aroma of woods and smoke wafting against his senses. “Is.. this cologne?”

“It is, yes,” Hannibal smiled, knowing that the blend he’d had made in Paris and shipped to them would be perfect for Will.

“Imported?” Will asked as he canted his head toward Hannibal’s voice, smiling. He popped the top off and sprayed some on himself.

Hannibal flared his nostrils, taking in the scent of Will, combined with the fragrance. It was intoxicating, and he was pleased that it blended with his husband’s natural aroma just as he’d imagined. “Yes, from the finest maker of scents in Paris.”

“Smells good,” Abigail insisted with a smile at Hannibal.

Will opened the next box, touching the items inside, new tools that felt smoother than his own, newer. “Are these...silver?”

“They are,” Hannibal grinned, Will’s expression warming him throughout as he sat and crossed one leg over the other, sipping his coffee. “I thought it time you had a new set.”

Will liked the ones he had, but they were older than he’d like to admit and hadn’t gotten around to changing them out since he first got them when he was a teen. He rubbed his

thumb over the smooth edges.“They’re perfect, thank you.”

“You’re welcome, my love,” Hannibal hummed, taking another sip of coffee as he watched. It gave him great joy to see his husband so happy with his gifts.

There was one more and Will opened it slowly, revealing another box that he touched delicately. Jewelry of some kind from the feel of it. He opened it up, feeling the leather band and glass face. “A watch?”

“For when you are recovered from your implants,” Hannibal said, moving closer to Will, leaning over and kiss the side of his jaw.

The watch Will currently used had button to tell him the time, and the idea of no longer needing that excited him more than made hm anxious this time. “ I can’t wait to see it.”

“Nor can I, Mylimasis,” Hannibal grinned, and kissed him once more before sitting back. “Abigail, you’re next.”

Abigail opened the one box, a card inside with a giftcard for Ikea, at Will’s request for her, and a lovely new bag for her books, sturdy and strong, blue. “It’s perfect, thank you both so much!”

“Of course,” Hannibal smiled, wrapping his arm around his husband as he watched. “We have the gifts for our son and the dogs left.”

“Dogs first, so we can open the ones for our son together,” Will said as he nuzzled Hannibal's jaw once. “Even though you know what it all is.”

Hannibal chuckled softly, and then nuzzled Will back before leaning over to get the gifts for the dogs. “Would you like to do the honors or shall I?”

“We both can if you want,” Will said, aware he and Abigail had one last thing for Hannibal, but they were keeping that a surprise.

“An excellent idea,” Hannibal agreed, and put the box that housed all the items for the dogs inside, between them. Once Will had part of the paper, Hannibal unwrapped the brown and gold paper with him, fingers brushing as it was undone.

Will felt around and pulled out seven collars, all very nice leather. “New tags?”

“Yes,” Hannibal hummed, a smile in his tone as he leaned into Will and watched him touch the collars. “I hope they are to your liking.”

“It’s the dogs you must impress,” Will said with a smile. He opened the next box, gourmet treats. “We need to hide these…”

Hannibal chuckled, and took the treats, rising to set the up high on the shelf for now, until they were done. “Done, for now,” he said, moving a bit of the wrapping paper out of the way as the dogs raised their head into the air, sniffing for the treats.

“Is that it? Baby stuff?” Will asked as Abigail got closer to push the other gifts over.

“Yes, the baby’s gifts, and that is it, save for Misha's presents later,” Hannibal answered, the fire crackling in the fireplace. He picked up the gifts for their son, and handed Will two of them, keeping the other two in his lap. Of course they’d bought alot already, and he also had some things they’d decided on for Miriam, if she decided to come over later.

“What could you have bought that he doesn’t have?” Will asked, undoing the bows.

“You shall know soon enough,” Hannibal answered, waiting for Will to open his before he did the ones in his lap.

Will opened the box and inside was a soft, worn feeling to the touch. “A blanket…?”

“A quilt. It has been in my family for quite sometime, and is nearly pristine,” Hannibal said, and reached out to touch it. “I want our son to have it.”

“I think this is fine gift,” Will whispered, touching it again, lingering there as if he could sense the worlds and generations from feel alone.

Hannibal ran his fingers over Will’s and embraced him, cherishing the moment together. “It means alot to me to know that you love this as much as I do, Mylimasis.”

“Family treasures should be… well, treasured,” Will chuckled softly, head turned toward Hannibal’s voice.

“That they should,” Hannibal chuckled back, and leaned in to kiss him once, stroking his cheek.

Will opened the other box, taking out what felt like clothing, feeling it. “What’s this say?”

“It’s our son’s name, with a little stag,” Hannibal explained, thinking it was a little ‘cheesy’ but it would be something to keep for years to come.

Will grinned. He knew it wasn’t to be worn often or outside of the home, but it was something special. “Perfect.”

As Abigail giggled, eyeing the items, Hannibal handed Will the next box, and hummed. “I’m pleased you like it, Will, only two more to go.”

The next was a box with a pure silver first spoon and fork. The last item were bonds that their son would be able to cash in when he was eighteen. “It’s all perfect, Hannibal. He’ll appreciate it all one day.”

“Yes, they will come in good use for him I feel,” Hannibal smiled and stretched a bit. “Would anyone like more coffee?” he asked, leaning into his husband a little.

“No, no! Stay,” Will said, getting to his feet. “I have one more thing for you.” Will got to his feet and left the room, and Abigail shrugged her shoulders, innocently. When Will returned

he had a carrier, in which he set down in front of Hannibal. Inside a little ‘mew’ peeped and big green eyes stared at Hannibal, surrounded by tanned striped fur.

Hannibal looked the carrier, then at Will, Abigail, and back again. “You…” he trailed off, chuckling warmly, and opened the door, reaching in to pull out the beautiful feline. He recalled his husband mentioning it or perhaps he had, he couldn’t remember entirely, but he was pleased, actually, and the smile on his face and in his tone made that evident. The doctor pet the kitten, as the dogs ran over to smell--all but Winston--and the cat giving a warning hiss. “He, or she, is quite stunning, thank you, Will.”

“She,” Will said, reaching out to diligently pet the kitten once. “Abigail helped me pick her out, she’s a bengal.”

“Regal and exotic,” Hannibal hummed, feeling to soft fur as the kitten began to purr from the attention. “I will need to procure supplies for her.”

“Everything is in the garage under my potters table, hidden,” Will chuckled as Abigail snorted, since they’d both kept this from Hannibal and Abigail hid the cat in her room. “She isn’t named yet.”

“You both have surprised me,” Hannibal chuckled, giving Abigail a playful look, and kissing Will once more as the kitten pawed at the sash around his housecoat. “She is beautiful but she certainly needs a name.”

“We thought you might feel as though you were outnumbered by us and the dogs,” Will said with a grin against Hannibal’s lips. “Abigail says she is a purebred.”

“I gladly surrendered to you both and the pack but yes, it is nice to have such a regal feline to call my own,” Hannibal smiled, as the kitten pounced on Will’s lap with a mew. It rubbed under his scruffy jaw, purring. “She likes you as well it seems. A creature with excellent tastes.”

Will pet the soft kitten with one hand, smiling as she bumped into him, scent marking him as her own, as she had done with Abigail and Hannibal already. “She’ll like everyone.”

“Likely, yes,” Hannibal grinned, and reached over to pet her again, all the way to her tail, which made her raise her little butt up.

She started to paw and knead Will’s chest as she was pet, and Will laughed. “I’ve never had a cat. What is she doing?”

Hannibal laughed with Will, heartily at that. It was such an endearing sight. “I believe she finds you to be as comfortable as the softest of pillows, Mylimasis.”

Abigail left to get the stuff from the garage, setting everything up in the living room and then the bowls in the kitchen, away from the dogs stuff. A little bed was set out by the fire place, soft and warm. Abigail tossed out a few toys for her, which she scrambled for once she saw them, batted around a mouse.

“What do you think about naming her Andromeda, or Calypso?” Hannibal asked, wanting Will’s thoughts, as he took his hand.

“I like Calypso,” Will commented. “Caly for short?”

“Yes, exquisite,” Hannibal hummed, kissing the back of Will’s hand.

Caly bound around the room, chasing her mouse and then when one of the dogs came in, she arched her back and hissed.

Hannibal clucked his tongue, at both animals, his Alpha male presence strong as he tried to bring order. “It will take time for them to adjust.”

“New Animals always do,” Will said, getting up to heard the dogs out of the room and shut the door. “They can smell each other through the cracks.”

“An excellent idea,” Hannibal hummed, rising to tidy up a bit. “Are you hungry or were the rolls sufficient, Mylimasis?”

“The rolls were more than enough,” Will said and Abigail nodded her agreement as she helped clear the wrapping paper.

"Good," Hannibal smiled, and finished tidying up the area, walking up behind Will to kiss the nape of his neck. "Shall we get ready for the day?"

“If we must,” Will whispered. “We can leave Caly in here to adjust.”

“Yes, she will do well,” Hannibal whispered back, taking his hand once he walked beside him, so that they could go back upstairs.

They locked the kitten in the room with her toys and headed up stairs. “Am I to wear anything special?” Will asked, taking the stairs with Hannibal’s pace.

“I do have a suit, that would be striking, as well as just a nice pair of trousers with a warm sweater. Both will please me greatly, and I procured them so that you could choose between them, since you’re asking,” Hannibal hummed, envisioning his husband in both. Either would be more than beautiful.

“Sweater seems a little more casual for Christmas,” Will mentioned as they made it to the bedroom.

“That it does,” Hannibal agreed, though he always loved to see his husband in a suit. Will cut an excellent figure in them. Walking over to the closet, Hannibal pulled out the sweater, and the trousers, and offered them over. “There we are.”

“Color?” Will asked, though it didn’t matter since he couldn’t tell the difference, but he was curious. He stripped out of his pajamas and got into his underwear first and then the trousers.

“Hunter green,” Hannibal answered, taking off his pajamas as well to dress in a complementary sweater and trousers.

Will nodded and put that on too, and then his loafer from under the bed. “Is this okay? How’s my hair?” he asked, smiling with a tease in his tone.

Dressed as well, Hannibal grinned, and reached out his hand, running his fingers through Will’s unruly curls. “You look handsome, even if your hair is a bit messy from sleep,” he teased back.

“Can you fix it?” Will asked, leaning his head forward with a mischievous grin.

“I just may be able to perform this challenging, yet gratifying task,” Hannibal rumbled, mirth in his tone as he tugged gently at those soft curls.

“How did I manage my hair before without you,” Will murmured with a smile creeping across his boyish features.

“That question often keeps me up at night,” Hannibal laughed, both hands going into Will’s hair now, before he pulled him in by the back of his head to kiss him properly. “Fortunate for you, your curls, and mankind that you married me, is it not?”

“It is,” Will whispered as he breathlessly kissed his husband back, wrapping his arms around his broad shoulders.

“And I am likewise fortunate, if not more so,” Hannibal whispered back, rubbing his nose against Will’s as his hands slid up and down the love of his life’s muscular back.

“Are you?” Will smiled, their faces resting together as they breathed into one another slowly.

“Yes, quite,” Hannibal smiled back, promising it to his husband. He stroked his face, down the sweater, feeling the fine material there.

“I love you,” Will whispered, “Merry Christmas, Hannibal.”

“I love you, Will,” Hannibal murmured, letting his hand rest over Will’s heart to feel it thud as he gazed at him. Soon, those eyes would be able to look back. “Merry Christmas.”

Chapter 7

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Christmas came and went, as did Will's appointment, and soon he was suiting up for surgery. He heaved a great big sigh before changing out of his clothes and into a gown. "Is this necessary? It's on my eyes not the rest of me."

"A sterile environment is needed for your surgery, which includes the gown," Hannibal explained, leaning in to kiss Will's cheek tenderly.

"I know," Will whispered, mostly just being sassy with his nervousness. "Feels ridiculous."

"You look beautiful in anything," Hannibal assured, and put the blood pressure cuff around his husband's bicep. "Try and relax, Mylimasis. As you sculpt in clay, I will sculpt you."

"My eyes anyway," Will commented, curling his toes inside the warm socks they'd given him to wear. "I can't believe you're going to help with *my* surgery."

"Yes your beautiful eyes," Hannibal said, all but whispering in awe of his husband's beauty and cunning. "Who better to do it it than someone who loves you?"

"I'd be scared to," Will admitted, smiling. "But I'm glad you'll be doing it."

"I have confidence that it will be successful," Hannibal assured, stroking his husband's face. "I'm going to give you something to relax you now."

Will sat back on the bed, nodding his head as he pulled his legs up. "Soon then."

"Yes very soon," Hannibal answered, turning on the blood pressure cuff to begin taking his stats.

Hoping that this worked, that he'd wake up soon after all of this with the ability to see, Will forced himself to relax, to not think about the day ahead, the surgery, or anything else. If all went to plan, he'd be in for a world of new experiences soon enough. "Okay."

Soon enough all the preliminary tests were done and Hannibal stood over Will, preparing to sedate him. "Are you ready, Mylimasis?"

"As I'll ever be," Will said with his chin canted up toward Hannibal, hair stuffed under a net. "I guess… I'll *see* you on the other side."

Hannibal leaned in and kissed his husband on the brow, smiling there before backing up to gaze at him. "Yes that you shall, my beauty."

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Will came too hours later, dark at first, as moved on hand to touched over his eyes on instinct, something covering them, but he didn't remove it, but instead felt around the bed he was lying in, sure that it was put over his eyes for a reason. Nothing felt different yet, but he was patient.

Hannibal walked into the room and touched Will's arm, his eyes looking at the machines. "How are you feeling, Mylimasis?"

"I'm okay, I think," Will said, turning his head toward the sound of Hannibal's voice, reaching to touch his arm with his other hand.

"Let me know if you are in any pain," Hannibal implored, gently, taking Will's hand to kiss. "The operation went very well."

Head aching a little where they had gone in to do the implants, Will only nodded. "I'm okay. Good to hear. When can we find out if it worked?"

"Three days," Hannibal explained, rubbing Will's arm. "The eyes are remarkably resilient so we shall know for certain then."

"I have to keep them covered until then?" Will asked, wanting to know so he didn't take the cover off too soon.

"Yes, and I will come in and clean the site, as well as monitor it," Hannibal answered, leaning in to kiss his husband's lips softly.

"Are we allowed to do that at home?" Will asked, less inclined to stay if he didn't need to.

"Ordinarily no, but as I am the head doctor, yes," Hannibal hummed, stroking Will's face. He wanted to get him back home as well.

"Good," Will said, not one to enjoy stays in hospitals or being cooped up.

"Let me procure a few things you will need, and I'll return to help get you back home," Hannibal suggested, kissing Will's lips once more.

"Now?" Will asked, ready to pull the IV right out of his own arm, pain be damned.

"Yes," Hannibal said, knowing he could monitor Will at home, make sure he was recovering properly. He went ahead and removed the IV then, and taped up the site after a cleaning, then undid all the rest. "Wait here, please."

"Where am I going to go?" Will teased, sitting up a little in the bed.

Hannibal chuckled and kissed Will once more, before leaving the room. A few more minutes and he was back with Will's clothing, some paperwork and the items he needed to tend to his husband once at home. "May I help you get dressed?"

"Yes, please," Will murmured, pushing back the covers and finding himself more exposed in the gown than he thought.

Hannibal grinned, just briefly, and then helped Will into a clean pair of boxer briefs first, then pants, and finally a flannel. He wanted his husband to be comfortable. “There we are.”

“Putting me in things I like?” Will asked, hand sliding down the soft fabric with a grin.

“That I am, Mylimasis. I feel you’ve earned it,” Hannibal teased, capturing that hand to nip at Will’s fingers.

“Thank God,” Will chuckled and curled his fingers against the doctor’s lips.

“Yes, we must thank him,” Hannibal chuckled, and kissed Will’s fingers once more before taking his hand to lead him out. “Shall we?”

“Slippers?” Will asked, wiggling his socked feet. “It’s been snowing out.”

“Ah, yes, forgive me. It would seem as though your flannel clad physique has charmed me right out of my wits today,” Hannibal murmured, and then let go to get Will’s boots. “However, boots are far warmer than slippers.”

“Much better,” Will agreed as he let go of Hannibal and let his hands rest easily in his own lap.

“Indeed,” Hannibal smiled, getting each sock on, and then the boots. He laced them up properly, and ran his hand up Will’s pants covered calf as he stood. “Now then, I believe we are ready.”

“Yes.” Will slipped off the bed, limbs quivering as he gripped Hannibal’s arm.

Hannibal held Will protectively and with his free hand, grabbed his things, ushering Will out. At the car, he got his husband in and then himself. “When we return home I shall prepare you anything you'd like to eat.”

“Can’t say I am hungry,” Will chuckled, swallowing down the nervous lump in his throat, even if the hardest part was over now.

“Well when you are, I will prepare a feast. Until then, perhaps some chicken soup,” Hannibal offered, knowing Will needed to eat to aid in the healing. He backed out, once their seatbelts were on and headed towards home.

“Okay, chicken soup,” Will said, not in the mood argue it when Hannibal had already done so much, and there was no room for starving himself anyway.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said, love in his tone as he reached out and took his beloved’s hand, making a right. Thankfully traffic wasn’t too bad, as he was eager to get him home and into bed.

Once home, Will slipped out, limbs still getting used to be awake and walking, shaking as he waited for Hannibal, and then took his arm to be lead inside. “The dogs are okay?”

“They are, yes. Abigail was watching over them,” Hannibal promised, the sounds of their furry family already echoing out of the home and towards them as he lead his spouse towards the door.

“Good,” Will said, glad that Abigail had taken to living with them more than she did the dorm. Inside, Will was greeted by the dogs, jumping and pouncing, licking at his fingering to get a taste of where he’d been.

Hannibal chuckled, and smiled at Abigail, who walked out of the kitchen with a water in hand, to greet them. “We have arrived safe and sound. Thank you, Abigail, for attending to the pack, and the house.”

“No problem,” she said with a little smile and then walked over to gently give Will a one armed hug. “Welcome home. Hope you aren’t disappointed with everything when you get your sight.”

Chuffing, Will squeezed her while holding on to Hannibal with his free hand. “Sight isn’t everything.”

“Will has already seen what he needs to, in a sense, with his heart, and striking imagination,” Hannibal assured, giving Abigail a hug, and then taking off his coat. Once he hung it up, he touched his husband’s arm. “I’ll start on the soup. Rest, please. Doctor’s orders.”

“I’ll help him to the couch,” Abigail offered, having only been teasing of course. She lead Will to the couch and gave him a blanket and then undid his boots for him. “Now you’ll be able to see how ugly some of the dogs really are.”

“They can’t be that bad,” Will said.

“But they are.” Abigail sing-songed and set Will’s boots by the door. “Can I get you some water?”

“If water is what I’m allowed, water would be great.”

“Okay. Have mine, I’ll get another..” She kissed his cheek and padded off into the kitchen, past Hannibal, and to the cupboard to get yet another glass for water from the filtration system on the fridge.

Hannibal looked over at her, with a smile, having wanted to give Will time with his daughter in lieu of helping him himself. He began preparing the silkie chicken soup, adding the star anise, and other herbs. After about an hour, he brought Will his soup, on a serving tray, a little chicken claw there for garnish, even if his spouse couldn’t see it yet. “It’s quite hot, Mylimasis, best to give it time to cool, but it has vast medicinal properties, and as such will do you well.”

“Chicken soup,” Will commented with a little smile, having dozed off a little, his body trying desperately to heal up. He sat up, pushing himself against the soft cushions.

With a slight part of his lips, Hannibal wasn't offended that Will was calling it mere chicken soup, since he'd made the joke before anyway. He smiled, and leaned in to kiss him, softly. Propping a few pillows behind him. "Yes, Mylimasis, just for you."

"Thank you," Will said, holding out his hands for the bowl. He wondered how strange it would be to see the bowl in front of him instead of having to feel around for it all the time.

"You're welcome," Hannibal hummed, handing over the bowl, that was on a platter, once he'd set the tray down. He turned it to where the spoon would be easier to find, also pondering over how things would be once Will was able to remove the bandages.

Will spooned some into his mouth, careful to have the bowl close enough to catch anything that dripped. "It's very good."

"Thank you," Hannibal smiled, preening at the compliment as he sat down next to Will. He looked at Abigail and gestured to the bowl. "Would you care for some?"

"No, that's okay, thank you," Abigail said with a smile, her school books out as she worked on that.

Hannibal nodded, then returned his attentions back to his beautiful spouse, crossing one leg over the other. "After this, I suggest a nap, Will. Rest promotes recovery."

"I'm going to be eating and sleeping a lot," Will stated, "I may need a diet after this."

"I shall love you fit or robust," Hannibal chuckled, rubbing Will's leg playfully, continuing to keep him company.

"Robust? I'm not a pasta sauce," Will teased back, taking another slurp of his soup.

Hannibal laughed a bit louder at that, quite enjoying his husband's sense of humor. "Perhaps not, but you are quite savory."

Will took another bite. "Am I?"

"Indeed," Hannibal whispered, not saying much more since Abigail was in the room.

"Don't stop on my account," Abigail said with a knowing look at Hannibal and then back on her work. "I've heard worse through the house late at night."

Hannibal wasn't ashamed of that one bit, even if he'd rather her not hear. All the same though, he was proud of the sounds he often drew from Will. With a chuckle, he squeezed Will's thigh gently, and then looked back at his husband. "In that case, yes, you are quite the delicacy."

"Paired well with what wine?" Will chuckled, teasing his husband as he finished the salty soup.

"A nice sweet red," Hannibal grinned, quite amused but most definitely, a sweet vintage would compliment his husband's sometimes saltiness perfectly. He loved every aspect of

Will.

Will handed the bowl off to Hannibal, their fingers touching once. “Sweet is debatable.”

“It would compliment the savory aspect, I feel,” Hannibal insisted, playfully, taking the bowl and setting it down as Abigail helpfully took the tray into the kitchen. Presumably to give them their moment.

Will scooted and pulled Hannibal over to snuggle with him on the couch, slipping under his arm to rest against him. “Sweet and savory. First for everything.”

“With you, there have been many a pleasant surprise,” Hannibal whispered, holding Will close and kissing his temple, minding the bandage.

“Only?” Will chuckled and snuggled into Hannibal, more tired than he anticipated, his head ached, too, throbbing.

“Perhaps there was one less than pleasant, but none that holds any sway over the rest,” Hannibal chuckled back, stroking Will’s face. “Are you in any pain?” he asked, their connection as strong as ever.

“A little, nothing that nap won’t fix,” Will said, sure that once he’d slept everything would feel quite different.

“True, but I am more than able to give you something for it, and I assure you it will make for an even sounder sleep,” Hannibal offered, his fingers running through Will’s silky curls. “Likewise, the bed might prove to be more suitable as well.”

“I’ll get to bed while you get me something for my headache,” Will agreed, unmoving while he leaned into his husband.

Hannibal theatrically hooked his arm under Will’s knees and the other around his back. “Nonsense. I shall take you there and then procure it, if you'll allow me the honor.”

“To carry me bridal style? What an honor,” Will teased, leaning his head against Hannibal’s shoulder and then wrapped his arm around it.

“It is indeed,” Hannibal insisted, grinning before he kissed Will and then stood, carrying him effortlessly up the stairs and to their room. Once inside, he laid him down and pulled the covers over his husband. “A moment and I'll bring your medicine, Mylimasis.”

“Not going anywhere,” Will murmured, adjusting himself to sit.

Hannibal gave Will’s arm a gentle squeeze and then left the room. He returned a moment later with the pain medicine and water. “Here we are.”

Hand out, Will took the pills and then the water, downing them in two gulps. “Will these make me loopy?”

“A bit, yes, as well as they will aid you in getting a bit of sleep,” Hannibal explained, running his fingers through Will’s hair. “When you wake, I will take your vitals, and replace your bandage.”

“Alright,” Will murmured, relaxing back against the bed. “Don’t have too much fun without me.”

“Never,” Hannibal promised, continuing to caress Will, comfort him into a peaceful rest.

“Go on, I’m fine.” Will touched Hannibal’s arm and then rolled over to sleep on his side, glad to be in his own bed.

“Of course,” Hannibal said, a smile in his tone as he got up and covered Will up once more, heading out of the room.

***

A few days later Will sat impatiently at the kitchen table for Hannibal to finish his breakfast. The bandages were coming off and for the first time Will was anxious and excited all at once, all but bouncing in his chair.

“Are you purposely being slow?”

“No, certainly not,” Hannibal responded with a playful chuf, and then finished his food, setting it aside and collecting the plates. He set them in the dishwasher, and washed his hands. “I feel as though the sitting room, is a far more suitable place than the table.”

“I was waiting politely on you,” Will commented and stood, reaching out for Hannibal’s hand.

“And it did not go unnoticed, Mylimasis,” Hannibal assured, walking Will into the sitting room where the fire was crackling and the dogs were sleeping.

Sitting, Will rubbed his thighs, rough palms scraping against the grain of his jeans. “I don’t know what to expect.”

“It will be quite bright at first, likely overwhelming or even blurry, but it shall pass,” Hannibal assured, and leaned over to kiss Will. “Are you ready, my beauty?”

“Yes,” Will replied, anxiety spilling through his chest, heart beating faster.

Hannibal felt his own pulse quicken with anticipation. He had no way of knowing if it had been a complete success, even if he was very confident in his abilities. With a breath, the doctor removed the bandages, carefully, setting them aside. Will had healed quite nicely. “Alright, Will, open your eyes, slowly,” he suggested, taking his husband’s hand. It would be the first time he’d ever seen him, even if Will had a very good idea already based on the statue. “I’m right beside you.”

Things were brighter suddenly behind closed eyes, or what he could assume was, and then shades and colors, everything at once was almost too much as his eyes moved under his lids.

He squeezed Hannibal's hand and forced his eyes open. Immediately they locked on to Hannibal', trying to decipher the color of his irises. "You…" It was strange to *see* his husband, the things he saw only with his fingers before, and it was nothing like what was before him. His vision blurred and tears dropped down his cheeks.

With tears of his own, Hannibal gently held Will's face, wiping the tear from his cheek. "Yes, my love," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion as he leaned in to kiss him and then pulled back. It was the single most beautiful moment that they had shared together thus far, and one he would ever forget. "What do you see, Will? Is there any pain?"

"It's bright," Will raggedly whispered, keeping his eyes steady on Hannibal, memorizing every piece of him, as if by chance his new vision would be taken from him. "Nothing looks the way I imagined." He hummed. "What color are your eyes?"

"The brightness shall soon fade to a more normal level," Hannibal murmured, looking into eyes that finally *did* look back. What a beautiful wonder, to be seen by his husband, now, in all ways possible. "They are amber, or golden brown. Occasionally, I've been told they take on a reddish, crimson hue," he said, and then added, "I will always remember this time, Will. The day you saw me, and our eyes met."

The attraction Will had before doubled, pupils wider as their eyes kept contact, the purest form of intimacy he was sure he'd never experience. Nodding slowly, he spread his fingers over his jeans, still shedding tears. "You're so handsome."

"It pleases me that you think so," Hannibal whispered again, his own eyes still damp from the experience, and his heart alight. He smiled, a loving, charming thing, and kissed a few salty tears from his husband's face, then his lips. "However I must say that you are the most exquisite creature I've ever seen. The Gods wept when they made you."

"No," Will chuffed through a sniffle and swallowed once, pulling Hannibal toward him. It was overwhelming and beautiful, and so much to take in at once.

"Yes. I love you, Will," Hannibal said, speaking into Will's neck as he held him and took in his scent. "In a bit, I will need to do a few tests on your eyes, but only once you've adjusted."

"They work fine," Will insisted, but honestly anything was better than the nothing he had before. He glanced the room behind Hannibal, and then at the dogs by the fire. "Those are dogs."

"Yes," Hannibal smiled, his whole face lighting up at that comment. "What do you think of your pack?"

"Fuzzy. Abigail might be right about a few, but…" Will shrugged and looked back at Hannibal. "I can't stop looking at you."

"You'll hear no complaints from me," Hannibal rasped, preening at the compliment. While the doctor had no self esteem issues, he had been curious as to how he'd be received and the fact that Will found him attractive meant everything to him. "Now you know how I've been feeling whenever I am in your presence, Mylimasis."

Will chuckled, wiping more tears from his eyes. “Perhaps.”

“And we will both be equally awestruck when we first behold our son together,” Hannibal said, his own eyes a little red from the tears and emotion. “I could not be any happier.”

A quivering sigh escaped Will’s chest, everything still so new and strange, unsure what to call items, or how to make connections to them. He could touch things on himself and know--pants, shirt, boots--but others were more difficult. Behind them a soft thump sounded and Will turned to see a fuzzy animal there that looked nothing like the dogs. “Your… cat?”

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, and ran his hand down the kittens fur before focusing on Will once more. He would help his husband with the challenges he faced but he knew his beloved would adapt quickly. “Beautiful, isn't she?”

“Much more than I thought,” Will said, though he wasn’t sure his idea of beauty yet was the same as Hannibal’s.

Perception was a tool pointed on both ends, Hannibal knew. He smiled at Will and nodded, however, squeezing his hand gently. “And you’ve yet to see yourself. Would you like to?”

“I know enough about myself to know I’m not as great to look at as you say,” Will said with good humor lacing his tone. “That can wait.”

“You are entirely wrong, Will. I am unmovable on that point,” Hannibal said, winking at Will since his husband could see it now. He’d never change his mind though, even if he knew Will was joking. To him, his spouse was everything.

Gazing, openly, at Hannibal, Will watched him, a flush over his cheeks when he did that, and wondered how much he’d already missed out on. “I won’t sway you.”

“You won’t, no,” Hannibal agreed, not unkindly, but lovingly, and then pulled him close.

Will slipped over into Hannibal lap and straddled him, feeling him out with his hands, a habit he’d have to break. “I like that you find me attractive. That’s all that matters.”

“Mentally, physically, and every way imaginable,” Hannibal crooned, his hands sliding down Will’s back, to the soft swell of his ass.

Leaning in, Will kissed Hannibal softly on the mouth, their eyes locked for the first time as they did this. “I love you.”

“I love you, William,” Hannibal murmured, canting his head to the side to slot their lips together further, more in love than he ever thought possible.

It was going to take so much getting used to, but Will knew Hannibal was patient, and their little family would be better for it once he was acclimated. Will chuckled softly, arms around Hannibal’s wide shoulders as they breathed and nipped.

“Still no pain or discomfort? Is the brightness less?” Hannibal asked, stroking Will’s face, holding his gaze again. He couldn’t resist those eyes, especially not now.

“It’s a little headachey, but it’s not terrible,” Will whispered as he rested their heads together, unable to get enough.

“Good, I’m glad it’s not unbearable,” Hannibal whispered back, his heart beating faster, and with all the love in the world.

“Show me some more things and tell me what they are,” Will asked, quietly, wanting to see the world most everyone else did.

“I would very much enjoy showing you my drawings, and likewise, let you see your own. Perhaps we shall have our supper outside as well, during sunset,” Hannibal suggested, excited to show Will everything.

“That’ll be nice,” Will said, carefully slipping off Hannibal’s lap, using his shoulders to anchor himself, his vision making everything a little different to do.

Hannibal rose once Will was on his feet, and hooked his arm around his waist as Winston padded over and the cat hissed, running off out of the room. “To the study, then, hm?”

“Yes.” Will smiled and dropped his fingers for the dog. “This is…?”

“That’s Winston, your most trusted companion,” Hannibal smiled back, and then added, “that is, after myself,” he winked.

Pausing, Will squatted down and pet Winston properly. “Hey boy.”

“He is officially out of a job now,” Hannibal said, leaning over to pet Winston as well. “He can retire and relax now.”

Will laughed and hugged Winston, who whined and licked Will’s face all over. “You can relax bud.” Will knew that wouldn’t happen, that Winston would be ever faithful. Standing, he reaching for Hannibal once more and Winston pushed into his legs.

Hannibal hummed and lead Will to the study, pulling out his portfolio; he set out his sketches and stood back. “It means a great deal to me that you can see these now.”

“Was it… not before?” Will asked, aware that no sight was tiresome for some to deal with in him, but he never fully realized how awful it might be for Hannibal given his vanity.

“Of course not but it is an honor to have you see them now. Your lack of sight has never been a hindrance to me, Will. I've always tried to make that clear,” Hannibal insisted, kissing his husband's temple.

A hum resounded through Will as he looked over the drawings, sure that these were the best he’d ever see, given how detailed they were and how Hannibal looked, it was almost realistic. “They’re beautiful.”

Hannibal hoped Will knew he'd been serious before but he didn't go back into it, instead, he preened at the praise, and ate it up. “Thank you. I am certain you will say the same about your own work.”

“I can only hope,” Will chuckled, sifting through the papers and drawings, smiling all the while. It was so much to take in, to see everything, and not know for sure if something was horrible or good, his opinion hardly up to snuff yet.

“Trust that it is,” Hannibal assured, watching Will keenly, just happy that he could share even more with his husband than he could before. He wanted to show him a many great and beautiful things. “Shall we go out to your studio?”

An anxiety took over Will with that but he nodded his head. “Yeah.” Would he be able to continue to his work now that he could see? Would it be the same or was everything going to be so different now?

Sensing the anxiety, Hannibal took Will’s hand and laced their fingers together, more able to read his face through his eyes than ever before. “We may wait, if you are not ready, Mylimasis. I do not wish to overwhelm you.”

“We went in to this knowing I’d have to deal with it at some point. I’m allowed a little worry, but it won’t change the outcome now,” Will explained, squeezing Hannibal’s hand.

“Yes, you are indeed allowed that worry, but as your husband, I simply wanted you to know that there was no rush,” Hannibal said, kindly, and kissed Will’s knuckles.

“Maybe just a tour of the rest of the house, again.” Will smiled, brows raised up toward Hannibal. “I have to get used to everything all over again.”

“An excellent idea, yes, and Abigail should be back after our sunset dinner,” Hannibal reminded, knowing she was eager to have her father see her as well. It would be an emotional day for them all, and was already. The doctor smiled, and began to walk with Will out of the study, once he’d put away his drawings. Winston and Calypso followed close behind.

Will took a long, deep breath, leaning into Hannibal, still getting the hang of his footing.“Show me our bedroom.”

Happy to oblige, Hannibal lead Will to their room, taking his time so that his husband could see everything on the way. He still needed to examine his eyes, just to be thorough, but he wasn’t in a hurry just yet. The doctor wanted his beloved to have time to adjust, in all ways. “Here we are.”

“What colors are these?” Will asked. He touched the comforter, soft as ever, knowing it by feel, not color, but he was curious to learn them all.

“Navy blue,” Hannibal said, touching the main color, and then pointed to the accent. “This is silver. I must show you our son’s nursery next.”

Will knew the colors they had picked, but seeing them would a far different experience. He leaned on the bed and touched each other, knowing how they felt and now he knew what they looked like. “I’m sure it’s as nice as this.”

“I believe you’ll approve,” Hannibal hummed, opening the closet to pull out one of Will’s flannels. “This is one of your favorite flannel shirts that you enjoy tormenting me with,” he teased, winking.

“It’s… blue and…” Will paused, looking at Hannibal and then touched the shirt. “I want to say green.”

“Yes, Mylimasis, green,” Hannibal smiled, looking at his beautiful spouse. Perhaps he would see if Will wanted to paint one of his sculptures together. That way, he could show him all the colors that he might not be certain of.

“It looks nice together,” Will said with his fingers touching the fabric, used to that being his sight for everything.

“Seeing it through your eyes, makes all the difference for me,” Hannibal whispered, his heart swelling with love as he watched Will’s awe and wonder.

“You’ll start to like the flannel.” Will held the shirt in his hands, touching and feeling, wondering why he ever assumed colors felt different, when they didn’t.

“Perhaps,” Hannibal grinned, and then placed his hands over Will’s, touching the fabric with him before he leaned in to kiss him softly. “You are truly a wonder, my beautiful William.”

Letting go of the shirt, Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal. There was nothing in the world he wouldn’t do for his husband, who had been far more loyal than anyone else Will had ever known. “Less of one now.”

“Nonsense, you are more so,” Hannibal insisted, rubbing his nose against Will’s as he gazed at him lovingly. He would give him the world if only his beloved would request it.

“That was your doing.” Will wouldn’t argue, there wasn’t a point in arguing, but he did love their back and forth.

As did Hannibal, and he narrowed his eyes playfully at his spouse. “Come, let me show you the nursery.”

“I’d love to see it.” Will wrapped his arm around Hannibal’s waist, to stay close.

Hannibal lead Will inside and turned on the light, standing back so his husband could see. “I hope you like it but we can make changes if need be.”

“I trust your taste as much now as I did before,” Will said, gaze flitting around the room at all the little details.

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled, watching Will take everything in. He was quite pleased with the nursery.

“So this is what earthy tones look like?” Will kept Hannibal’s hand in his own as they wandered the room, still gaining his balance and perception from his sight.

“Yes.” Hannibal nodded, looking at his husband. “Save for the blue, of course.” He stayed close, his heart beating with love and wonder.

“Yes,” Will agreed, still getting used to the colors. “It’s great. I really love it.”

“Good,” Hannibal hummed and leaned in to kiss Will’s lips softly. “The studio now?”

“You’re determined.” Will gazed into Hannibal’s eyes, memorizing them, wondering if he’d actually managed to get them down perfectly for the bust he’d done.

“Ah, forgive me. I am a bit determined yes, however it is more that I am immensely proud of the work you do,” Hannibal explained, looking into Will’s eyes with sincerity, and curiosity. What was behind those eyes?

“Let’s go see.” Will tried not to chuckle at his own joke, smirking to himself, and kissing Hannibal once.

Hannibal didn’t miss it, and the corners of his lips curved into a pleased, but faint grin as he walked with Will out of the nursery, their pets off and playing together in another room. Once downstairs, he opened the door that lead out to the studio, letting his husband go first.

Will felt out the counters as they entered, recognizing it in his mind, familiar, and then putting new spots to memory with what he *saw*. Half finished pieces and Hannibal’s statue under a cloth, along with a messy work space of dried clay. “How do you live with me…”

Hannibal chuckled heartily and touched his husband’s lower back. “It is why I ensured you had a seperate space for your work, Mylimasis,” he explained, looking around but letting his eyes rest on Will. “Is your work as you imagined it would be?”

Will took the cloth off the statue and examined it thoroughly. “I honestly thought it would be worse and not to likeness at all.”

“You underestimate your abilities,” Hannibal said, his hands in his pockets now as he looked from the statue to Will. “You have a rare gift.”

“I only hope it continues to be one now,” Will replied, looking at Hannibal and then the statue. “It’s uncanny.”

“Your abilities have never been with your eyes, and as such, having sight will not hinder your gift, my beauty,” Hannibal whispered, cupping Will’s jaw and thumbing over his cheekbone.

“I hope not.” Will turned into Hannibal’s touch and wrapped his arms around him, unable to get enough *looking* at him.

Hannibal didn’t mind one bit and found he, likewise, couldn’t get enough of Will looking at him. “You are as remarkable as you are talented, and beautiful.”

“I’m going to need to check *all* of the statue later,” Will whispered, fingering down Hannibal’s chest, “make sure *everything* looks perfect.”

“I shall be waiting with bated breath, my love,” Hannibal crooned, and held Will’s chin, tipping it up to place a sultry, yet soft kiss on his lips. A promise that he was more than agreeable to the alluring proposition from his husband. “Tis a shame we have to entertain first. I am rather eager.”

“Who is coming? I thought we were dining outside?” Will’s brows furrowed slightly, unable to keep his hands off Hannibal.

“Abigail, after supper,” Hannibal reminded, running his thumb over Will’s brow and kissing him again. “Worry not, we have time before she arrives, should you wish for a preliminary sweep of… everything.”

“I knew that,” Will said with a look, he thought Hannibal meant someone else before then. “And I do. I require it.”

“Forgive me, you have my mind a little unfocused,” Hannibal flirted, walking Will backwards towards the wall. “If that is what you require, then I shall have to be a dutiful husband and comply with your needs.”

“Terrible,” Will whispered, desire burning deep in his core, watching the predatory gaze in his husband’s eyes. He worked Hannibal’s shirt and tie undone.

That look in Will’s eyes would be the absolute sweetest death of Hannibal, he knew, and he would surrender to it willingly. With a snarl on his lips, he pushed Will against the wall with a thud, and shrugged off his shirt, letting it fall to the ground before unbuttoning his husband’s shirt. “Am I? Perhaps even more so now… as I cannot wait until after supper. Lucky for me then, that it appears as you cannot either…”

“I’ve wanted you the second I laid eyes on you.” Will pushed his shirt off and kicked it aside. He pulled Hannibal over him by the belt and then undid his pants.

“And I you,” Hannibal rasped, his hands moving around Will’s to likewise work his fly down, as well as his belt. He didn’t care they were in the studio, he just wanted his husband, wanted to partake of him in ways they’d never been able to do thus far. “You are exquisite.”

Will stepped out of his shoes and pants all at once and then pushed Hannibal back to look him over. “Show me everything.”

Hannibal removed his shoes then, and pulled down his pants, boxers included, which made his cock spring out and slap his belly. He took it in his veiny hand and pulled back the foreskin, his amber eyes flitting up to burn into Will’s. “Then that is precisely what I shall do.”

The darks of Will’s eyes spread wide and lust burst through him in a hot wave, his eyes on Hannibal’s considerable length. He reached out, relieving Hannibal’s hand with his own. “Let me.”

“With great pleasure,” Hannibal murmured, watching the dark expanse of Will’s eyes, lined in beautiful, striking blue. He bit into his own lower lip, and sniffed another snarl and

groaned, his cock head rewarding Will with a few beads of precome.

Sinking to his knees, Will gazed up at Hannibal, and then cast his eyes to his cock, thoroughly looking it over, taking in every detail, matching it to touch memories. “It looks much different than it feels.”

“Are you pleased with its appearance?” Hannibal asked, looking down at Will. He cupped his face, letting his fingers trace his jaw before they made their way into the nest of silky curls atop his husband’s perfect head.

Will leaned and licked a stripe up Hannibal’s length. “Yes, I am.”

Sucking in a breath, Hannibal resisted the urge to buck and instead kept control, his cock twitching. “William…”

Usually Will’s eyes closed, but this time he kept them open, watching the feature changes on Hannibal’s face. Wrapping his mouth around Hannibal, he sucked him down to the root.

Hannibal’s head lolled back and then down again, hips rolling slowly forward. He held Will’s head, pleasure shooting through him like a bullet. He parted his lips, awestruck, and let out a throaty groan. “Mm…”

Blunt nailed scratched down Hannibal’s ass, pulling him further into Will’s mouth, and after a few moments, the brunet pulled back, flushed and dark eyed. Seeing made everything so much different, able to feel and hear, the whole package overwhelming. “Hannibal…” he whispered, stroking the length of his cock.

“Will…” Hannibal whispered back, and helped Will to his feet. He kissed him soundly, pinning his arms above his head as he pressed him to the wall. “Tell me what you wish for.”

“Everything,” Will breathed, relaxing back against the wall, eyes languid on his husband, unable to break contact as their souls seemed to entwine further.

Hannibal breathed in Will’s words, and suckled his lower lip before releasing his wrists. He stopped long enough to procure the lubricant they kept in there. “I too, want everything when it comes to you,” he husked, slicking up his cock.

The whole experience was quickly becoming so much more than Will had ever imagined. Sight had changed how he looked at his husband, but only in that he wanted him more. “Against the wall? Over my bench?”

“Here” Hannibal answered, wanting to look his husband in the eye and not delay another moment. He hoisted Will up and lined his cock against Will’s hole, slowly pressing in as he gazed at him.

Will bore down, gently, taking Hannibal in. His spread his hands over his shoulders, planting them, bracing himself. “Here is good.”

“Indeed it is,” Hannibal groaned, and held Will under his ass, spreading his cheeks as he began to push up into the hot confines of his husband's hole,never letting their gaze falter.

“Hannibal…” Will found himself saying once more, arms around his shoulders, his own pushed back against the wall to leverage himself, hold himself up. He squeezed his thighs around Hannibal’s forearms.

“Will-” Hannibal murmured, moving faster as he licked into his spouse’s delicious mouth, grunting and nipping at his tongue.

Once every motion was smooth, Will relaxed and took Hannibal in with every whipped stroke of his cock, panting and breathing out roughly. “Harder-” he wanted to see every piece of Hannibal fall apart, every tremble seen and felt as they molded together, became one once more.

Hannibal gladly obliged and he went harder, as bidden. The doctor bent his knees, pressing Will tighter against the wall as he thrusted deeper, all but howling as they conjoined. It was, perhaps, the most intense and certainly intimate that they had been thus far. “Yes, Will, *see* me…”

“I do.” Will huffed, breathing out harder with each thrust that pushed grunts from his lungs. He rolled his hips to meet his husband’s each time, heat pooling and daring to spread own to his testicals.

“Yes,” Hannibal groaned out, his balls slapping as he fucked up into Will with relentless abandon. He bit down his neck, sucking hard to make a purple bruise that his beloved could see as his own release swirled in his core. “Ah, Will-”

“Oh fuck...” Will heard himself give way, his body heating faster, and finally reaching that edge. “Hannibal-!” A burst pleasured washed through his loins, coming undone between them, their eyes never closing.

Seeing Will come undone like that, always sent Hannibal to his blissful end, but the emotion in his eyes added to it. He snapped his hips harder, and faster, holding his husband tight as he found his release. He came hot, and thick, filling his beloved’s ass as he howled and licked into his mouth. “Will-!”

Panting, slowing their pace, Will rested their heads together, sharing breath. “I love you.”

“I love you, my Will,” Hannibal whispered, softly kissing Will’s lips, and gazing at him, lovingly. “Always.”

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Little by little Will became acclimated to having sight. Hannibal made sure nothing went wrong with the implants. Abigail had been thrilled, they cried together, happily. They still had a baby on the way, and finally, it was time. They got the call they’d been anticipating and Hannibal and Will made their way to the hospital to meet their son.

“I’m quite eager,” Hannibal said, as he made a right turn onto the freeway, his heart racing with anticipation.

“Early,” Will whispered, trying not to be too anxious himself.

“Yes, that she is, but fortunately not dangerously so,” Hannibal said, looking over at Will as he turned into the parking garage.

They had months to grow accustomed to Will and his sight, and now that things took an even pace, there was nothing the brunet wasn’t unsure of. “True. Caught me off guard, is all.”

Hannibal squeezed Will’s hand once the car was in park and shut off the engine. “An understandable response, Mylimasis.”

There were less nerves now about being able to care for a baby, but nerves nonetheless, as any parent would have. Will got out and waited for Hannibal, taking his hand when he was close enough. “In a few days we’ll be at home with him. Just us and him.”

“Indeed and I am exhilarated,” Hannibal smiled, walking with Will inside the hospital. They made their way to the maternity ward, a gift in the good doctor’s free hand.

Will still worried that Miriam might change her mind. “I hope she’s not in much pain.”

“The epidural will aid in that,” Hannibal offered, though it depended on a lot of factors and her preference there.

“You think she wants one?” Will asked and squeezed Hannibal's hand,walking to the nurses station who directed them to Miriam’s room.

“I think her initial decision was likely to not have one. However, that often changes, even in the strongest of women,” Hannibal chuckled, quietly.

“We won’t push.” They walked down the hall to the doors and then to Miriam’s room, where she was asleep, in and out for the most part, her belly connected to monitors.

Hannibal looked over the monitors, assessing, and took mental note as he stood next to Will anew, after putting the gift on the side table. “It shouldn't be much longer.”

“Hey,” Miriam said when she heard them. Tired eyes looked up at them.

“How are you feeling?” Will asked, stepping closer to look at the heart beat monitors.

“Good. I caved.”

“There is no shame in that,” Hannibal smiled, stepping closer. He inhaled, discreetly, further analyzing. “You are nearly there.”

“They’ll be in soon to check dilation,” she said, moving to his back from her side, slowly. “He’s been kicking my ribs through contractions.”

“How far apart are they?” Hannibal asked, watching Will before looking back at her. She had already been made privy to Will’s sight.

“A minute or so. I can’t feel much of them now,” she explained. Will moved when the nurse stepped in and smiled at them.

“You must be the adoptive fathers.”

“We are, yes,” Hannibal nodded, taking Will’s hand to squeeze once. “Doctor Hannibal Lecter, and this is my husband William Graham-Lecter,” he said, offering his hand to the nurse with a smile.

The nurse took her gloves off and shook their hands and then found a new pair. “Well we’re about to get started, she’s inching in on eight here.”

“Eight is good?” Will asked.

“It is, yes. She is in active labor now, and can begin pushing at ten,” Hannibal interjected, since the nurse was busy. He smiled, his heart full of love, and eyes beaming brightly.

“She’ll get there soon?”

“Yes,” the nurse answered, checking Miriam’s cervix, carefully, keeping the sheets over her. “She’s dilated further. It should be very soon.”

“May we change into the scrubs then? Providing Miriam is still alright with our being there,” Hannibal asked, looking over at Miriam who nodded her head that it was alright.

“It’s a natural birth, you two should be fine as you are,” the nurse explained. “If she needs an emergency c-section, then you’ll have to scrub up to be there.”

“Yes, of course,” Hannibal said, knowing as much, but he was thorough. Still, he didn’t have power there at the hospital. “Shall we?”

“You two can stand at her head.” The nurse gestured as Miriam scoot to sit up on the bed, the nurse guiding her into position. Will moved to one side.

For now Hannibal would but he fully intended to see their son be born once he was closer to crowning. He took his position, after washing his hands and putting on gloves, to the other side and smiled at Will, then Miriam, until time to help with the baby. Will didn’t want to intrude on her personal space, so he instead offered his hand.

“She’s dilated,” the nurse said and a midwife came in, not a doctor, as they weren’t worried about her health at all.

The midwife looked at Hannibal and then Will. She motioned Hannibal over. “Stand here and when I tell you, you help the baby slide out.”

Half and hour later and a lot of pushing, the baby boy was born, and Hannibal cut the cord. The nurse helped to bathe him with Hannibal and Will while another nurse helped Miriam get stitched up and deliver the placenta. She didn’t ask to hold the baby, nor feed him, as he was the Lecter-Graham’s now.

Since she didn't ask, Hannibal held him, tears in his eyes once he knew Miriam and their son was in good health. He smiled at Will, “look at him. He's beautiful.”

Will stayed close, leaning over to touch their son’s cheek with one finger. “He’s so small.”

“Yes, he is, but perfect,” Hannibal whispered, watching Will affectionately. He gently stroked their boy’s tuft of hair and then wiped a tear from his cheek.

Thankful for his sight, Will nodded, gazing down at their son. His wiped at his own tears and leaned into Hannibal. “He is.”

Hannibal was thankful too, though it would have been special nonetheless. He kissed Will’s cheek and then their son’s brow. “I love you both.”

“And I the both of you.”

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